



A HISTORY
OF
AMERICAN
ART

VOLUME II.

BY
SADAKICHI HARTMANN

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A HISTORY OF AMERICAN ART

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A HISTORY OF AMERICAN ART

By
SADAKICHI HARTMANN

In Two Volumes

VOL. II.

Illustrated



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A HISTORY OF AMERICAN ART.

CHAPTER I.

AMERICAN SCULPTURE.

S late as 1816, John Trumbull declared to John Frazer, a stone-cutter, that "sculpture would not be wanted here for a century."

This statement proved to be a paradoxical one. To this very day it can hardly be said that there exists a demand for sculpture beyond portrait statues and decorative work, and yet some of our plastic art compares favourably with the best that has been created in modern times, and even before the time when Trumbull and his contemporaries, Copley,

West, Allston, and Stuart, demonstrated their capacity for pictorial art, a careful observer could have noticed indications of an awakening for plastic art in this country.

William Rush, a ship carver by profession, was the first in whose work we can trace evidences of a genuine gift for modelling. His figureheads of Indians or naval heroes added a regular merit to the beauty of the merchant marine which first carried our flag to the farthest seas, and the men-of-war that wrested victory in so many a hard-fought battle. His wooden allegorical statue of the Schuylkill River, for which a celebrated belle of the time consented to pose, standing still near the water-works in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, is one of the earliest and best of our American statues. Thomas Eakins has painted a picture of Rush modelling this statue.

Also, some small portrait reliefs in wax modelled rather high and delicately coloured, said to be mostly the work of a locksmith, — many examples of which can still be found in the possession of old families at Philadelphia and Newport, — showed a decided artistic ability. The name of one of these modellers, Joseph Wright, of Bordentown, N. J., has come down to us. John Frazee was the first of our native sculptors who executed a portrait bust in marble, — that of John Wells, in 1824, — interesting, however, only as a historical fact. Nevertheless, his influence made itself felt in several of the younger artists, who were at that time serving their apprenticeship, for, though uninstructed and untrained except for rude and unpretentious monumental work for cemeteries, he was a man with a true feeling for the ideal. Clavenger, another stone-cutter, presents one instance more

of the sudden yearning toward the execution of the plastic art which, early in this century, sought an expression in various parts of the country. Like so many others after him, he directed his path to Italy to find the knowledge which his native land could not give him at that time. He made several truthfully realistic portraits of poets and statesmen. Also, a German by the name of Korwan executed several monuments which show conscientious labour and good taste.

It was not, however, before the rare genius of a farmer's boy from Vermont asserted itself in our sculpture, that it could be seriously considered as an art. And, strange to say, at its very birth it produced some of its best effects, as the founder of the American school of sculpture, Hiram Powers (1805-73), was at the same time, with one exception, our foremost sculptor. After being in turn

clerk in a store, commercial traveller, and mechanic in a clock factory, he went to Cincinnati in 1826, where he frequently visited the studio of a German artist and there discovered his own talents. Speedily acquiring a knowledge of modelling, he secured a position as an "artist" in the waxwork department of the Western Museum, where some of his ingenious illustrations of Dante's "*Inferno*" attracted attention. Aided by the generous patronage of a Mr. Langworth, he executed in the years 1834-37 several portrait busts of notable public men, like Webster, Jackson, Marshall and Calhoun. They are noteworthy for their vigour and vital appearance, and in these respects scarcely surpassed by any of his subsequent work.

In 1837 Powers went to Italy, and made Florence his permanent home. There he rapidly developed into one of the most

brilliant representatives of the classic school. Sculpture at that period was still entirely under the canons of antiquity. The note of modernity had not yet been sounded. Canova and Thorwaldsen were the generally recognised ideals, and thus also young Powers strove for purity of line, perfection of form, and dignity of conception. His method of working is said to have been rather mechanical, but we cannot help admiring the final results. His famous "Greek Slave," at the Corcoran Art Gallery, inspired by enthusiasm for the Greeks, then struggling with the Turks for liberty, is still the best nude, in marble, our country has produced, despite the fact that she reminds some people of the Venus of Medici.

His "Pensero," "Fisher Boy," and "Proserpine," seem rather old-fashioned to us, costume and drapery were not his strength, and the treatment of accesso-



POWERS. — GREEK SLAVE.

ries becomes almost obtrusive at times. The "California," at the Metropolitan Museum, a nude, symbolical figure with a wishing-rod in her hand, is also a beautiful creation, although open to criticism as to its proportions. Powers never allowed himself to give full vent to his emotion. Puritanism rooted too deeply in him to allow him to strive for more sensuous effects. Only in a few cases his genius proved superior to the conventionalities of tradition, and his "Eve Before and After the Fall" are two statues with whose idealism and academic workmanship one can find but little fault. With these noble works he earned his rank very near to that of Canova and Thorwaldsen and rendered his art career worthy of lasting remembrance.

Horatio Greenough, a contemporary of Powers and also a resident of Florence, whose statue of Washington seated half

nude on a throne, holding a Roman sword in his left hand (in the grounds of the Capitol), shows how little the true vocation of sculpture was understood, will only be remembered by the Bunker Hill Monument, which is impressive by the size of its proportions.

A more talented artist by far was Thomas Crawford (1813-57). In his work we find a certain largeness, not too common in our art. He was our Allston of sculpture. There is a classic majesty and a mediæval grandeur about his works which compare favourably with the heroic canvases of the "artist of Cambridgeport." Among his most important works are his "Orpheus," the colossal bust of Beethoven at Boston, the impressive equestrian statue of Washington at Richmond, the stately and graceful figure of Liberty on the dome of the Capitol, by far too beautiful to be placed out of sight, and the bronze door

for the Capitol, illustrating the American Revolution, which is undoubtedly his masterpiece. In 1842 Charles Sumner arranged an exhibition of Crawford's work, one of the first "one-man shows" ever attempted.

Another sculptor, also, Randolph Rogers (1825-92), is most favourably known by his bronze door in the rotunda of the Capitol. The eight panels, representing scenes from the history of Columbus, indicate fine sentiment and fancy. Of course he borrowed the idea from Ghiberti,—no artist attempting a bronze door can escape that influence,—but yet had ability sufficient to give us an original version. The "Angel of Resurrection," for the monument of Colonel Hall at Hartford, is also one of his most important creations.

The work of Paul Akers, of Portland, showed considerable ability. He was a man of fine taste and temperament, and

could probably have done great things, if he had not died before his powers attained maturity. His "St. Elizabeth" is an exquisite creation, original and tenderly beautiful, and his ideal bust of Milton and the "Pearl Diver" inspired Nathaniel Hawthorne to a beautiful description in his "Marble Faun." Bartholomew, of Connecticut, the sculptor of "Eve Repentant," "Ganymede," and "Hagar and Ishmael," who died in his thirty-fourth year, also achieved little more than a promise of immortality. Everything he made was imbued with his own spirit, instinct with refinement and fanciful poetry.

A noteworthy circumstance in Bartholomew's life was his total colour-blindness. That is surely no disqualification in a sculptor, many may think, but I have met several who not only think otherwise, but are conscious of a sense of colour while modelling.

All the sculptors of this period were rather men of talent than of genius. Joel T. Hart's "Angelina" and "Woman Triumphant," W. H. Rinehart's "Latona" and his "Sleeping Infants," Franklin Simmons's "Promised Land," and the works of E. D. Palmer and Thomas Ball show many praiseworthy traits,— they are in fact pieces of sculpture that would do honour to any rich man's vestibule,— but they lack breadth of view and treatment. They are cold and academic.

The artists were perhaps sincere and conscientious enough, men of good industry who won their reputation step by step by thoughtful calculation. But the conditions were unfortunate; the majority of men received their ideas about art at a time when colonial architecture was still the fashion in this country, and when nothing was called perfect and beautiful in sculpture unless it was produced under

the strict regulations of the pseudo-classic style and cut in marble, the only recognised medium of expression at that time, not by the artist himself but by Italian workmen. No matter how marked a personality was, it could not give vent to its individual fancies within such conventional technical methods. William Wetmore Story was one of those men who found it impossible to realise his lofty conceptions in his finished work. His "Jerusalem Lamenting," "Cleopatra," "Medea" (the latter at the Metropolitan Museum) might have become masterpieces if treated with the broader and more picturesque methods of to-day.

Harriet Hosmer, who worked in a similar strain, owed her success largely to her sex, for until this century it had been exceedingly rare to see a woman modelling clay and chiselling marble.

Other sculptors, the direct outcome of

the period, were Howard Roberts, of Philadelphia, with his original but somewhat sensational "Hypatia" and "Lot's Wife," Volk, Ives, and W. Couper, the youngest of the living exponents of the classic style.

By far more sympathetic to modern taste was the decorative work of T. R. Gould, of Boston. He handled drapery with mastery. His more ambitious works, like the "Ascending Spirit" at Mt. Auburn, bear the traits of his contemporaries. In pure decorative fancies, like his red sandstone relief of an old Viking warrior in helmet and flowing beard, which he pleased to call "The Ghost of Hamlet," he was seen at his best. Gould and his later career drifted entirely out of sight, the latest news of him being his residence in the Sandwich Islands, where he made a bust of King Kamehameha.

Nearly all the sculptors of this period

had not only made their studies in Italy, but lived permanently in Rome or Florence.

At the end of the sixties with Martin Milmore and Mills as pioneers began the era of equestrian statues, soon to be followed by innumerable sailor and soldier monuments, and other military memorials in honour of the dead heroes of the Secession war. The American sculptors became more stay-at-homes and abandoned former ideals for more time-pleasing work. About 1875 the inflow of municipal monuments began in earnest; and has continued with unabated force ever since. The first ventures had proved successful — Mills, a man of considerable dexterity, had received \$50,000 for his General Washington, notable for the mechanical skill, which so balanced the weight that the prancing steed stands without other support than its own pon-

derosity—and hundreds and probably thousands of statues and groups of the pronounced foundry type were erected and are still being erected in nearly all our cities. Some of them are of such exceptional uncouthness that one is astounded to think that they were ever permitted to be placed in public thoroughfares and that they still remain there. Not more than one in fifty is in any respect artistic, and nearly all show the thoughtless and careless workmanship, due to the haste and hurry with which such commissions generally have to be executed in order to throw off a profit to the contractor.

A few men were praiseworthy exceptions. Franklin Simmon's Army and Navy Monument at Washington exhibits in parts some true artistic feeling and sense for monumental beauty. Larkin J. Meade, a resident of Florence,

became known by his Abraham Lincoln monument at Springfield, Ill., a work of colossal dimensions, ranking in size with the mammoth monument at Plymouth, designed by Hammond Billings, but really superior in decorative feeling. Meade is in truth our first decorative sculptor, and his sense for rhythmic lines and the accentuation of light and shade have rarely been surpassed. His success in securing charm of colour and purity of expression in the rendition of strictly classic forms was not long in creating a unique place for him in modern sculpture.

Thomas Ball (1819—) was the man who first realised the difficulty of equestrian sculpture. To design a horse in motion, the artist should, one might suppose, love horses, but most sculptors have no natural equine bias and, only after accepting a commission, begin to study a horse for the purpose of information



BROWNE. — STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

rather than from sympathetic feeling. Ball struggled with these difficulties with very creditable success, and gave us in his equestrian statues of General Washington and General Scott attractive specimens of the Arab steed and the American war-horse. It was however left to H. K. Browne, active also in ideal figure work, of which his "Ruth" became most popular, to give us in the General Washington on the Union Square, New York, the best equestrian statue which America had produced until then, and the verdict still holds good to-day. Browne's work was very uneven, at times even hopelessly mediocre; strange that the same sculptor should produce such a masterpiece as his Washington. The simplicity and solidity of its appearance are highly impressive; it is a monument which bespeaks genius, and which has a touch of grandeur seldom noticeable in American sculpture.

The new school, which broke with the canons of Greek art and tried to see form with eyes, and to translate it into fresh and spirited compositions of a more pictorial tendency and an individuality of touch, began with E. D. Palmer and W. R. O'Donovan, whose earlier portrait busts show a vigorous technique and almost startling grasp of character. His reliefs "Washington Crossing the Delaware" and "The Battle of Trenton" for the Trenton Monument, which he lately worked in conjunction with Thomas Eakins, are delightful in their naïve and picturesque realism. Other men who characterise this stage of transition through which our plastic art was passing in the early eighties were Olin Warner, excellent in realistic portraits and bas-reliefs, Hartley and C. Calverly of New York, and the more than ordinarily talented Dengler of Cincinnati. Also Launt Thompson be-

longs to this period. Among his works may be mentioned his *Edwin Booth*, *General Sedgwick* at West Point, *President Pierson* of Yale College, and his rather unsatisfactory bronze figure of *Napoleon* at the Metropolitan Museum. John Rogers enjoyed at the same time great popularity with his numerous genre groups, and although they cannot be taken very seriously as works of art, show how realism became more and more the order of the day in our new school of sculpture.

Dr. W. Rimmer (1860-79), powerful in the modelling of quaint archaic fancies and the drawing of weird fantasies in outlines, a master of art anatomy and author of a valuable work on this subject, was also exerting an important influence in drawing attention to a more simple study of the human figure. He taught in the Cooper Institute, New York, 1865-74 and

directed the studies of several of our rising sculptors. He was one of those brilliant phenomena, who are too versatile and ideal to produce anything of lasting value themselves.

The latest efforts of American sculpture, however, are in an entirely new direction. Until 1890 the decoration of civic structures with sculpture had rarely been attempted. The World's Fair gave a sudden impetus to decorative sculpture.

The buildings of the World's Fair, with their boundless wealth of columns, arcades, fountains, statues, groups, and high reliefs, with the addition of the festal features of fluttering banners, rich awnings, gaily decorated craft, giving life and movement to the waterways,—the sun shining intensely on all this glowing whiteness, sharply outlined against the sky, and the blue, unlimited surfaces of Lake Michigan, opened the eyes of the archi-

tects to the practical possibilities of this new and rich addition to our plastic art. But the Renaissance that is said to have taken place in American sculpture is largely limited to architectural and "exposition" sculpture, executed by foreigners, mostly Germans. Phidias's art is at present nothing but a superior form of mechanism, depending entirely on life casts, calipers, and pointing-machines. The delight of touching a block of marble, pregnant with ideal human form, remains a myth. Many of our sculptors do not even know how marble feels, and for years at a time do not have the opportunity to touch a block of Carrara, which, according to Platen, the German pseudo-classic poet, is one of the most delicious æsthetic enjoyments that this perhaps prosaic, but nevertheless very virile and joyous, world of ours offers to its melancholy children.

Although one may wander for days over the borough of Manhattan, from the Battery to Inwood, and from river to river, one will not have the opportunity to halt before a statue or monument, and exclaim, "This is beautiful!" more than once or twice. One may take a fancy to MacMonnies's "Hale," to the bell-strikers on the Herald Building, the Columbus monument, the Farragut in Madison Square, or the equestrian Washington opposite Keith's, but one will seek in vain for a single ideal statue or a graceful fountain.

There is no demand for ideal figure work, hardly for portrait busts, and the bric-à-brac statuary is nearly all imported. The majority of the statues for the Washington Library, the Appellate Court Building, New York, and the Pan-American Exposition are solemn infamies in the barrenness of their ideas and incompetence

of workmanship. Despite the numerous schools and the well-stored galleries of casts, which should increase the faculties for the growth of a home art, sculpture has become shamelessly mercenary. Yet don't be too hard on the American sculptors. American sculpture is strictly and necessarily commercial for two reasons: first, that only decorative work and portrait statues are in demand, which, superintended by architects, politicians, and other lay committees, do not permit a free unfolding of art; second, that sculpture is very expensive, the cost of material, help, iron, supports, casting and recasting, forcing the sculptor to execute his work only so well as he can afford. Is it any wonder that sculpture has degraded, when so many regard it as an ordinary trade, and depend upon it for a livelihood!

And in the very midst of these deplorable conditions, the genius of Augustus

St. Gaudens (1848-) looms up with the same dignity as do his statues of Farragut and Lincoln. Superior in technical skill, moved by a genius thoroughly trained in the best modern school of plastic art, that of Paris, St. Gaudens has given us one masterpiece after the other. He was born at Dublin, Ireland, of Irish-French parentage, and came to this country as an infant. He studied at the École des Beaux Arts, and under Jouffroy at Paris; on his return he began at once to work independently. Already his first serious work, executed at the age of twenty-nine, the exquisite group of angels, called "The Adoration of the Cross," in St. Thomas's Church, New York, had to be considered one of the most important and beautiful works in the country.

He was capable of producing masterpieces within the very limitations of his

profession. He never overstepped them, but he never undertook a commission when he knew that he could not do full justice to it, because the remuneration was too small or his talents not sufficient. And yet he was enough of a diplomatist and artist to get more work, at his own price, than he can execute during his lifetime.

"I do not think that an artist can ever be too conscientious," remarked Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens to me one afternoon in his studio.

This one sentence explains his art; it is the key-note of all his work. Nothing left his studio which was not as perfect as he could make it. He would model for months at the fold of a coat or the crease of a trousers. His Diana for the tower of the Madison Square Garden did not please him when it was put up, so he had it taken down, remodelled,

and recast at his own expense. He shunned no labour and pains, and his big commissions—the envy of all his colleagues—often dwindled, from a financial point of view, to a mere nothing. Whatever he may lack in power and boldness, he makes good by conscientiousness, which gives to all his compositions a peculiar charm of harmony and sincerity, and even the austere, awkward costume of the Puritan assumed artistic shape under his gentle but virile touch.

All his work bears the stamp of greatness, which will appeal to posterity even more than to the present. And yet he was in no way a revolutionary spirit, who astonished us by boldness and an abundance of ideas.

He never attempted to raise himself above the narrow lines that contemporary conditions have so tightly drawn around American sculpture, clearly shown in his

submitting to the ridiculous accusations of the impropriety of his World's Fair medal, instead of flinging it into the face of his critics, but within these limitations he has achieved more than any other artist. He is a true product of his time.

St. Gaudens has succeeded in his statues and reliefs in rendering our modern costume picturesque in a realistic as well as highly artistic manner,—probably nobody has excelled him in it,—and for this, if for nothing else, he will live in the history of art.

He has actually succeeded in reducing the garb of to-day into decoration, and is convincing us that a dress-coat and trousers are possible in sculpture. The caryatides for Cornelius Vanderbilt's mansion, and the angel of the Morgan tomb, represent his more ideal work; they have the exquisite grace, super-refinement, and suggestive quality that are characteristic of

Dewing's and Abbott Thayer's figure work.

His "Puritan," at Springfield, Mass., is still the best costume figure that has been cast in bronze on this side of the Atlantic.

But it is, I venture to say, in his reliefs of the "Sons of Prescott Hill Buller," of "Henry Whitney Bellows," of the "Portrait of a Young Lady," and of Robert Louis Stevenson, that St. Gaudens gives the most convincing and most interesting proofs of his talent. Anything more exquisite in that particular branch of sculpture has never been done, not even by the old masters. They are beautiful to the smallest detail; they are poems of lines that express sincerity and high artistic sentiment, a mixture of idealism and realism which is thoroughly original and speaks a language of its own.

I am sorry that St. Gaudens has had so little opportunity to do ideal figure work,

Copyright, 1885, by A. St. Gaudens.

ST. GAUDENS.—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



and that the Diana on the Madison Square tower is the only nude, and that the angel of the Morgan tomb (destroyed by lightning) and the beautiful figure of Grief (in the Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington), set off by a slab of perfectly smooth marble behind it, represent the only ideal figure work from his hands. He has done but little in marble, and marble is after all the ideal medium of expression for sculpture. There he falls short.

In order to produce such lasting works as his Farragut, Lincoln, and the Shaw monument, he had to sacrifice many of his other equally noble aspirations. How firmly on their feet these figures stand! One feels the body under the coat and trousers, and is firmly convinced without further investigation that each figure was modelled in the nude with exceeding care. The conception in both is human and profound. The reality, the truth of gesture,

the uncompromising accuracy of detail, were not less novel than astonishing. In the year before his departure to Paris (which he intended making his permanent headquarters), after a decade of patient, persistent labour, he finished his Peter Cooper, the "flamboyant" equestrian statue of General Logan in Chicago, and the Shaw monument in Boston, the masterpiece of his career. The energy and swing of a marching army was never expressed in a superior manner.

How did he accomplish all this, this man who, separated from the rest of the world by a gulf of barrenness and incompetence, fought his battles single-handed, until, disgusted with the vanity of success in a country where he had no rivals, he exiled himself from his own native country?

He combined the two qualities that are so rarely found united, a remarkable business ability and genuine artistic worth.



ROGERS. — NYDIA.

An artist in America must have business talent in order to be successful; he must understand his time. And this knowledge and faculty will not hinder him in producing good work; at least it did not hinder St. Gaudens.

He left no stone unturned, he advanced step by step, every advantage he had once gained he would not easily yield again. That he had often to be cruel to others, even against his will, that many a young talent was crushed by his resistless onward march to fame, could not be helped. He rose, as every man of genius does, in the battle of life, leaving behind him a field of corpses.

Surrounding himself with a powerful clique of architects, artists, influential literati, politicians, men of wealth and social power, he succeeded in forming a sort of Tammany Ring in American sculpture, he made himself the Croker,

and controlled his profession for years with despotic power.

No man could have done it better than he. And time will justify him.

In 1897 St. Gaudens went to Paris, largely to establish for himself an international reputation, for it is a sad fact, that however great an artist a permanent resident of America may be, his work will hardly ever give him more than a national reputation. His success abroad was only a partial one. He gave an exhibition of his life work in the Salon. It is said that Rodin, the most eccentric sculptor of our time, who lately astounded all Europe with his statue of Balzac, for the grotesqueness of which there are no adequate terms in the English vocabulary, took off his hat before St. Gaudens's Shaw monument, but that otherwise art circles, as well as the public at large, remained rather indifferent to the master-

pieces of this American sculptor. At all events, they did not create a sensation such as once did Antokolsky's works, although the French government gave him an order for some twenty or thirty thousand francs to reproduce his principal work in plaster cast for the historic collection of the Trocadero palace. This failure of creating "a big stir" may have come unexpectedly upon the artist, but it is easy enough to explain. St. Gaudens was an absolute stranger to most Frenchmen,—not even his name was known. His work is strictly individual and American, and has, like all the best efforts of American art, a certain rigidity and frugality, in strange contrast to the intellectual sparkle pervading even the most insignificant specimen of Parisian art. Like the Doric style of Grecian art, it can dispense with lavish embellishments. Parisian art is in its decline;

American art is primitive,—that is the principal reason why St. Gaudens was not appreciated. Besides, in order that an artist's work be really understood, it is necessary that the artist should grow up among the population from which he expects praise and admiration.

Next to St. Gaudens, in my estimation, rank John Donoghue and G. G. Barnard.

Whenever I think of Donoghue, I feel like writing a fable of "Sculptors and Storehouses." The fate of his gigantic "Spirit," who "from the first was present, and, with mighty wings outspread, dove-like sat brooding on the vast abyss, and made it pregnant," is a tragedy of modern art. It was intended for exhibition for the Chicago World's Fair, but by some disagreement between the artist and art committee, it never reached its place of destination. After years of thought and labour, and the enormous expense of



DONOGHUE — VENUS.

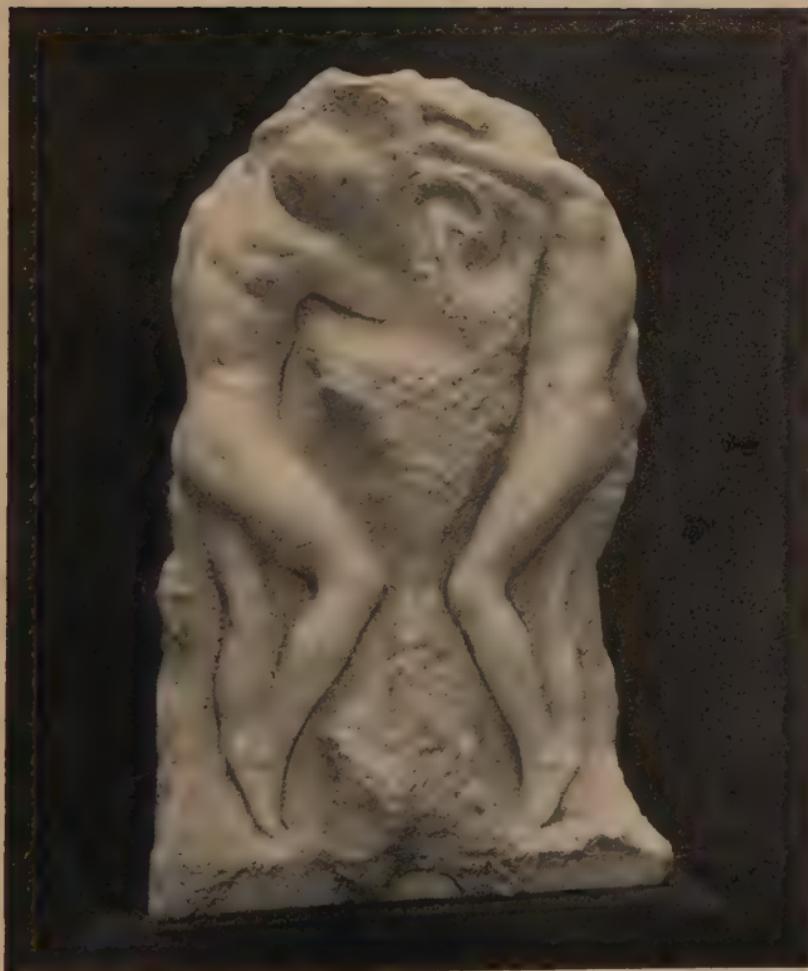
shipping it from Rome to this country, it crumbled away in the storage house of a Brooklyn wharf, and with it one of the noblest ideas that have ever sprung from an American mind. Excepting the artists who came to inspect it when it stood finished in the Roman Campagna, nobody has ever seen it save in photographs entirely out of focus.

The figure, which occupied a sitting position — left instep under right heel, right hand on right thigh, the left hand resting on wrist of right — was thirty feet high, the little toe being bigger than a man's head. The face, radiating something of the wild seductive charm of full moon, was still uplifted to celestial regions, while the eyes looked downward into the abyss, and it was as if burning glances did glide along the edges of the mighty wings that swept forward and downward in a bold and vigorous curve.

There was something sublime about it, some mysterious power, causing us to feel as if it could lift the roof of our prison-like dwellings and diffuse light and air into the stifling atmosphere in which the majority of us spend our lives. I wish he could have placed it in bronze on one of the fantastic rocks of Southern Colorado, and let the eagles wing around it, until humanity would begin to pilgrim to it as to the Sphinx of old.

But no encouragement was forthcoming and finally the sculptor was willing to give the statue away, if any one would place it to advantage on some cliff, for instance, on the Hudson, to stand there until the storms of time had destroyed it. But the removal of this colossus would have cost several hundred dollars a mile. So it mouldered away, unseen.

His other creations have not paid much better. Also his "Sophocles," "Diana,"



BARNARD.—TWO FRIENDS.

and "Venus" enjoy the dark hospitality of a numbered room in a storage house. Donoghue's "Sophocles" belongs, with Hiram Powers's "Greek Slave," Vanderlyn's "Ariadne," and some nudes of Fuller, to the best expressions of the nude in American art. He only excels in ideal work; it is impossible for him to be commercial; his John Sullivan and St. Paul were failures.

Also of Barnard (1867-) one hears but little in relation with municipal art. His New York exhibition, 1896, at the Logerot, showed him to be a man of ideas, strongly influenced by Rodin, who tries himself in delicate symbolism,—displayed to the best advantage in his "Two Friends," two male nudes, of whom only the backs are visible, groping through a rock to find each other,—as well as in grotesque brutality, noticeable in his colossal "Pan." I saw him in his studio

modelling on a stove, and lately sculpturing a clock in heavy oak, which are the most remarkable pieces of condensed symbolism that I have as yet encountered. His decorative genius endeavours to exhaust the entire mythology in each composition. His clock is a chaos of forms bewildering in their intensity of expression, only here and there some exquisite graceful form rises like a beautiful melody in clear outlines from the surging symphony of symbolical forms. His "Two Natures" is a bold attempt to express thought in sculpture. His latest work is a female nude, marvellous in its purity of line and calm melancholy of expression, which reminds one of the creations of the Belgian painter, Khnopff.

The one man who could sympathise with the flights of Barnard's muse is old **Theodor Bauer**, a mysterious eccentric personality, who works only on rare oc-

casions and never mastered the technique of his art. In hours when he is deep in Rhine wine he is fond of rhapsodising on his idea of a great monumental composition of "The Tragedy of the Sphinx," depicting in four groups her awakening to love, her passion, disappointment, and death.

The first of these groups, "The Sphinx and the Cupid," stood neglected and unnoticed on the World's Fair ground during the exposition. Some of his work, like the well-known little "Dancing Figure," is so exquisite in sentiment and so artistically handled that it would do honour to any art gallery, while the head of the Sphinx, with a quaint, cynical voluptuousness on her face, is the best piece of romantic sculpture I have encountered in New York.

D. C. French (1850-) born at Exeter, N. Y., is an artist of great versatility.

He is largely self-taught, having studied only under Doctor Rimmer and Thomas Ball. His "Rufus Choate" and "Washington" at Paris are conscientious character studies. His decorative and more ideal work reveals that he is a man of strong imagination and lofty ideals. To his relief, "Death Stopping the Young Sculptor's Hand," for the Milmore Memorial, Boston, public taste, however, has conceded the first rank. It is perfect in its idea and poetic suggestion.

French is versatile, but uneven; his productions, however, are always characteristic of a man who, whether employed upon a simple figure for a tomb or upon a most elaborate and ambitious composition, considers no work sufficiently finished until he has devoted his best talent to it.

J. Q. A. Ward is sincere and industrious, working regularly like a business



From a Copley Print, copyright, 1897, by Curtis and Cameron.

FRENCH. — DEATH STAYING THE HAND OF THE SCULPTOR.

man so many hours every day, which enables him to turn out a statue every few months. His "Pilgrim," "Indian Hunter," "Shakespeare," "Washington," etc., satisfy the taste of the middle classes, and he would undoubtedly be popular if we were not such a hopelessly inartistic population. His works look more robust, because they are cruder; if Ward would finish more carefully, his statues would also, like the better efforts of all contemporary American sculpture, have a tendency toward refinement rather than strength.

His "Greeley," before the Tribune Building, New York, is perhaps the best existing specimen of Ward's skill. It has dignity and repose.

The late Olin L. Warner was our most classic sculptor, a pedant in taste, but quite modern in his technique. He was rather unsuccessful in his more pretentious figure work, for which, despite calipers and casts

from life, his talent proved insufficient; they lacked temperament and strength; but he has made many a remarkable bust medallion and portrait relief for which the profession will remember him. Also his fountain and the spandrel figures for the entrance of the Washington Library are most capable products.

The best bust ever made in America is in my opinion Herbert Adams's bust of his wife. It should stand in some museum of art. Aside from its exquisite workmanship and etherealised glow of emotion, it has another sympathetic trait. It is chiselled in marble, like his angel relief in the Memorial Baptist Church, and chips of marble, as said before, fly very moderately in the workshops of American sculptors.

Adams's more recent busts are better modelled, but their contents are inferior. Adams (1859-) is one of those artists



ADAMS.—BUST OF MRS. ADAMS.

who are not so much creative as emotional. When he made the bust of his wife his technical ability was simply the medium of transmitting her soul atmosphere into the marble. In his other work this soul atmosphere was more or less lacking or veiled to him, and he had not always the strength to create it.

Yet one could say that he has succeeded in giving us a type of facial beauty purer and healthier, though less refined, than that of Dewing's women, with their weary æsthetic elegance. Adams's experiments in colouring his busts are exceedingly interesting. He does not strive for a deeper sense of contour, but uses his colouring so sparingly that it merely gives more clearness, distinctness, and melody to the form.

Edwin Elwell is apt to be considered more or less as an amateur by the profession. I do not exactly understand why;

he seems to have more culture and more soaring ambition than the majority, and his "General Hancock," his Dickens monument, and his various fanciful creations, like the "New Life," "The Awakening of Egypt," "Goddess of Fire," "Intelligence," "Cronos," etc., form a record well worth investigating. Of special interest, as far as poetic conception is concerned, is his "Awakening of Egypt."

A female figure in stiff drapery sits in the rigid way of Egyptian statues, dead to the influences of a new era; only the head with its flow of hair, and one arm lifting up a lotus flower, show the awakening to life.

Among the younger sculptors, C. R. Harley, R. H. Perry, H. MacNeil, and F. E. Triebel are the most talented. Perry possesses decorative feeling and a most vivid though rather crude imagination. MacNeil has a more poetic



TRIEBEL — LOVE KNOWS NO CASTE.

temperament, and his work is distinguished by a certain refinement and thoughtfulness. Triebel is one of the few who can execute delicate and pleasing fancies in marble. The spirited groups on the Soldiers' Monument, Peoria, Ill., and his ideal composition "Love knows no caste" show that he is a man of decided talent. Among the architectural sculptors, Martiny, Bitter, Niehaus, Massey Rhind, Max Bachmann, J. Konti, V. Gulielmo, and the ecclesiastical sculptor, Joseph Sibbel, have to be mentioned.

Among them Martiny easily takes the lead. He has *chic* and genuine taste for decorative sculpture. He has made whole regiments of long-thighed females, classically draped, apparently all sisters, as they only vary in the turn of their heads, the poise of their legs, and the attribute they carry in their arms. In children he is equally prolific. Yet everything he does

radiates a certain sensuous charm and is more American in character than most work of this kind.

Karl Bitter is a very productive and skilful man; his aims, as far as I know, are strictly commercial, and yet some of his work is almost artistic, for instance, the panels of choir singers for the entrance of Cornelius Vanderbilt's Fifth Avenue mansion, and the gigantic high relief for the Broad Street Station, Philadelphia. His statue of Chancellor Pepper, his latest work, shows considerable advance in the right direction.

M. M. Schwarzott has perhaps more genuine talent and sentiment than any of the younger men, but he is hopelessly unpractical. One of his reliefs, representing fish sporting in decorative waves, is worthy of a Japanese coppersmith. Other meritorious efforts of his are his angel relief at the church of the Paulist Fathers, New



LINDER.—A FIGURE.

York, his "Fighting Eagles," and the four ornamental nudes for the Appellate Court Building, New York, which undoubtedly represent the most conscientious work in that most unfortunate edifice. Schwarzott is also a painter of considerable ability, his colour comparing favourably with that of Newman.

Henry Linder (1854-) is one of the few men who are not ashamed to be artist-artisans. His fancy busts, a decorative flow of hair, gracefully framing a doll-like, flower face, remind one strongly of the writers of German romanticism — Brentano, Tieck, Fouqué, and others. I have seen andirons, candlesticks, electric light fonts, ink-wells, and other useful domestic articles made by him, that were greater works of art than most of the statues looming up so hideously in our parks and public places. Men who render the environment in which we live and the arti-

cles which we daily handle more artistic than they are at present do more for American art than those who clamour persistently for "high art," — meaning by that monuments of colossal dimensions. The "Lawgivers" in the Appellate Court Building, the latest addition to our pitiful collection of public statuary, is an atrocity in comparison to which a candlestick by Linder is a masterpiece. I am sorry that this sculptor is so little appreciated; his name should be known all over from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast; the fact that it is not shows clearly that we still entertain false ideas about art, for a person who cannot appreciate the value of an artistic candlestick is, in my opinion, also absolutely incapable of appreciating a painting by Abbott Thayer or a statue by St. Gaudens.

With the great interest Americans take in sport, animal sculpture hardly occupies



PROCTOR. — INDIAN WARRIOR.

as prominent a place as one might expect. The collection of Barye's works — the largest one in existence — at the Corcoran Art Gallery had no influence, apparently, on American artists. E. C. Potter presents animals native to the United States with a certain largeness of conception. His compositions present a well-sustained mass from every point of view. His two pair of horses for the colossal Quadriga of the Water Gate at the World's Fair and the group called "Indian Corn" were worthy achievements. A. P. Proctor is more realistic. His complete insight into and artistic knowledge of the character, mode of life, power and fascination of animal nature have set him at the head of animal sculptors in America. Other animal sculptors are Edward Kemeys, E. Roth whose Quadriga for the Pan-American exhibit will be long remembered, and H. M. Schrady, whose different types of

animals show poetic conception, most careful modelling, and a thorough mastery of form.

The red Indian is taken care of by Bush Brown, who deserves encouragement for undertaking such a colossal group as his "Buffalo Hunt," and Cyrus E. Dallin, resident of Boston, whose equestrian statues of "The Medicine Man," "A Signal of Peace," and the life-size nude "The Indian Hunter," in the act of discharging an arrow, are about the best that has been done in this line. Also MacNeil, fond of ideal subjects, owes his most successful work to Indian motives.

Activity in sculpture is centred almost entirely in New York. Philadelphia has only four sculptors, Grafly, Boyle, Calder, and Murray, and Boston even fewer.

Charles Grafly is a sculptor of sound and well-trained ability, and it was to symbolical figure work that inclination and a fec-

und imagination directed him early and then held him fast.

Samuel Murray devotes himself largely to miniature busts and portrait statues, delightfully realistic both in conception and execution. But he is also capable of larger and more important work. His colossal figures on the Presbyterian Building, Philadelphia, representing the prophets, have something of the uncouth picturesqueness and brutal truth of Rodin's citizens of Calais.

Among the sculptors in Boston Henry H. Kitson has to be mentioned first. He is a man of knowledge and considerable technical resource. His Farragut monument at South Boston is his best work. His wife, Alice Ruggles, possesses rare artistic feeling, and is undoubtedly, despite Kuehne Beveridge, and Clio Bracken, the most talented sculptress of America.

A work of special anthropometrical in-

terest were Kitson's two composite figures, made after the measurements of college students, by Prof. D. Sargent, of the Harvard College Gymnasium.

As the majority of students are American born, these two statues represent the ideal type and proportions of the young American man and woman; and an interesting study they are.

Professor Sargent's composite female figure is tall and slender, her build is firm and round, mature around the hips, with undeveloped bust, natural waist, and with an increase on the average length from hip to knee as striking peculiarity. Her hands and feet are rather large (unlike the Russian women, whose hands and feet seem extremely small for the large head they generally have); otherwise her proportions are symmetrical and harmonious; only in the profile of her body one would like to see more of Hogarth's lines

of beauty. Her neck is long, and her oval face boasts of a prominent, well-shaped nose and clearly-outlined lips.

Many of these characteristics remind the artist, involuntarily, of the languid damozels of the Pre-Raphaelites, the stag-like Dianas of the Fontainebleau school, and, above all, of the early Florentine period, when Giotto, Ghiberti, Ghirlandajo, and Pietro della Francesca constructed their, now lost, systems of anthropometry. These resemblances are not a mere coincidence. All anthropometrical researches from Polycletus to our time show that there exists—at least in our Aryan race—only one type of beauty; and the ideal type of the American woman, although she has neither the arms of the Venus of Knidos, the shoulders of Raphael's Galatea, nor the muscular development of the Milesian Venus, belongs to one of its most perfect expressions.

And it is not merely in cold, beautiful form that the American woman excels,—she also possesses Lord Bacon's highest beauty, "the beauty of decent and gracious motion." Some of our country girls have the same majestic walk as the women of Saracinesco, Anticoli, Cerverra in the Apennines, who "walk like ancient queens." Already the American born children of emigrants of the very lowest class show certain traits of refinement that one would seek in vain in their parents. It is our severe, disagreeable climate which calls forth the elongation of limbs, and gradually remodels the buxom maid of Europe's rural districts of one generation into a tall, slender American girl of the next one.

The beauty of our American women has not been glorified half enough by our artists.

In Europe American sculpture is very

sparingly represented nowadays. Meade, Ellicott, and Ezekiel still live in Italy. R. E. Brooks and Solon Hannibal Borglum, the animal sculptor, have chosen Paris for their permanent residence. The latter's comprehension of arrested movement bespeaks genius. There is a strange fascination about his bronzes. There is something large about them, which reminds one involuntarily of the creations of Winslow Homer. The spirit of the West hovers over all his work.

Paul Bartlett and MacMonnies spend their time between Paris and New York. They are both artists exceedingly skilful in execution, and always distinguished in the conception of their subjects. Bartlett's "Bear Trainer" (a bronze at the Metropolitan Museum) and "The Ghost Dance" are works of incontestable merit, full of grace and intelligent observation. His ambitious and elaborate "Michael

Angelo" is rather *cherché* in its technique, *i. e.* made with the intention to appear clever as are the paintings of the Tarbellites, and absolutely unsatisfactory as a reflection of the character of the great Florentine. His "Lafayette," at Paris, whatever one may think of the conception which transformed the hero into a dandy, is thoroughly *distingué* and individual.

F. MacMonnies (born in Brooklyn, 1863, pupil of St. Gaudens) is the only American born sculptor, with the exception of Meade, and perhaps of Perry, who has a decided talent for decorative sculpture. His fountain at the World's Fair, the sumptuous bark with its twenty-seven colossal figures, its sea-horses, and manifold emblems,—all well chosen and distributed,—showed him to be a master of the picturesque. All his pediments, spanrels, and colossal groups have a pictorial

feeling, supported by the extremest elegance of execution. His "Nathan Hale" lacks strength, but is so attractive in its treatment that criticism is disarmed. In his "Bacchante" and decorative statues, like his "Pan" and "Cupid," he has shown himself at his strongest and his best. His works command the same respect and admiration in France as they win for him at home, and, among the sculptors of our time, he is probably the only one whom the French artists accept with enthusiasm as one of their own.

The St. Louis Fair of 1903 will undoubtedly afford another great display of American sculpture. Some new men may come to the front and eclipse all previous work. F. W. Ruckstuhl will be the director of this enterprise, and as far as executive ability is concerned, he will perhaps do even better than was done at the Pan-American exhibition.

CHAPTER II.

THE GRAPHIC ARTS.

UR art of illustration is scarcely half a century old. Before the war illustrated magazines and illustrated books were an exception. It was only after La Farge had manifested his talent in Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," in the "Songs of the Old Dramatists" and "Songs of Feeling and Thought," that illustration was taken up as a special profession. The improvement of process work and the development of wood-engraving went hand in hand with this innovation.

Until then only caricaturists had asserted themselves. The occasional illustrations had been done by painters, who up

to this very day play a very important part in this branch of art, as it is one of the few which immediately yields a return. If we glance through the magazines we find nearly all our well-known artists represented.

Comic art was already well established in the sixties. It was the Secession War, however, which developed and brought to light the classic cartoonist and political caricaturist of the United States,— Thomas Nast. When the war began he was a boyish-looking youth of eighteen, who had already been employed as a draughtsman upon the illustrated press of New York and London for two years. He had ridden in Garibaldi's train during the campaign of 1860, which freed Sicily and Naples, and had sent sketches of the leading events home to New York and to the *London Illustrated News*. But it was the war that

changed him from a roving lad with a swift pencil into an artist, burning with the patriotism of the time.

In his earlier works, produced amidst the harrowing anxieties of fighting armies, the serious element was of necessity dominant, and it was this quality which gave him so much influence. It was not till President Andrew Johnson began to "swing round the circle" that Nast's pictures became caricatures. But they remained none the less the utterance of conviction. His series of forty-five cartoons contributed to *Harper's Weekly* for the explosion of the Tammany Ring is the utmost of that kind that satiric art has done. The fertility of invention displayed by this artist week after week, or every day for months at a time, was extraordinary. Concerning the justice of his political caricatures, there existed during his lifetime, of course, two opin-

ions, but there remains only one about his pictures, that they were always as much the product of his mind as of his hand; that he was indisputably our first and greatest cartoonist, in which capacity Homer Davenport, Brush, and Powers, to mention but a few, have of late won so much renown. They have generally no technical pretensions in a strictly artistic sense, but they are always sure of their audience, as there is no country where the humourous aspects of political life are more relished than in the United States.

In the illustrated papers of the seventies, there continually appeared pictures which cheered all homes by their genial glimpses of life and highly amusing sketches. None of these, however, had the incisive aggressive force of Nast's caricatures. Special favourites of the public were E. P. W. Bellew ("Chip"),

Sol Eytinge, Reinhart, and Dan Beard. Their rank was steadily increased by the addition of new names. Interesting sketches, more or less satirical, bearing the names of Brackmere, C. G. Parker, Woolf, G. Ball, S. Fox, Paul Frezenzy, Browne, Frost, Wust, Hopkins, Thomas Worth, De Grimm, Keppler, Mary M'Donald and Jennie Brownscombe, and others, began to attract attention. *Puck*, and later *Judge* and *Life*, did much to advance this phase of illustration.

Illustration, in a more serious sense, was introduced by La Farge and Howard Pyle.

La Farge, in his drawings, evinced an astonishing power of characterisation. His "Wolf Charmer," the figure a man piping seductively to a pack of evil-looking beasts, is a masterpiece. Its principal charm lies in the elfish sympathy between the man and the savage beasts



LA FARGE.—WOLF CHARMER.

of prey, conveyed by the expression of the charmer's face, and the cautious, soft, malignant tread with which he keeps step to the movement of the wolves. His very toes resemble theirs, and he seems to be gnawing his bag-pipe. The centaur conception, too, has seldom been more intimately grasped than in La Farge's various interpretations of these fabulous beings.

Howard Pyle (1853-) ranks as our foremost American illustrator. Nobody has been more active in the development of book and magazine illustration from the beginning; and he is still the leading exponent of the craft. Without having attained the indisputable greatness of a Daumier or Doré, his talent is one of the most individual and sympathetic in the art annals of our generation. His whole career has been an endeavour to enlarge the idea of illustration, and he

made use of it in a hundred spontaneous, ingenious ways, being skilful in pen-and-ink sketching, wash drawings, colour compositions, and pure outline drawing.

He gained his first admirers by designs in the latter medium, powerfully conceived in the true spirit of the early wood-cut, and approaching Dürer in their purity of line. His drawings for "Robin Hood" and "Otto of the Silver Hand" prove Pyle to be one of the few great masters of linear composition of the day, who neither sacrifice nature to indulgence in line, nor sacrifice line to mere correct anatomy.

The subjects, however, which he masters completely and by which he is principally known, are the colonial periods of New England and New Amsterdam, the life of the buccaneers and privateers, the traffic at the water-front of colonial harbours, and the life at sea on the merchant-



PYLE. — ILLUSTRATION.

men and pirates of that period. Remote in time, remote in feeling, in habit, and in their adventurous life and air of romance, are the images that spring from his ever-fertile pencil, and yet all so vividly, so minutely, so consistently observed. Where has he seen these picturesque specimens of a period long past, where has he found traces of them in our prosaic time, and in what language did he converse with them, that none of their customs and manners has remained unknown to him? Everything in these pictures is so human and matter-of-fact, and so caught in the act, so buttoned and gartered as if it happened all around the corner—but it is the corner of another world. He makes the strange familiar to us. His mind is peopled with souvenirs of scenes, objects, types, and ocular memories, and his hand in perfect command of all the material processes of drawing,—a combination of rare gifts,

which have made him the classic illustrator of America.

Of the older illustrators who rose into prominence with Pyle, M. A. Woolf was a delightful humourist who watched the life of our street arabs with loving care; E. W. Kemble became the sympathetic delineator of negro life, of cake-walks, field-hands, and plantation belles; the cry of misery which rises from the tenement districts was first sounded by W. A. Rogers. His drawings which depict the poor of New York are his best, true to life and full of pathos. Bellew and F. G. Atwood caricatured the foibles of humanity, with preference, in pure outlines and relief-like drawings, choosing the customs and manners of ancient Greek and Egyptian times to satirise modern society. Bellew also made a specialty of cats and dogs, which he drew with a good deal of humour. Atwood excelled in political

cartoons and satires of college life. He had a more graceful line at his command than Bellew, and his humourous depictions of our colonial time were particularly pleasing.

A. B. Frost became favourably known as a vigorous observer of our ordinary every-day American life. His style is exceedingly plain and bluff, and interesting only for its photographic realism and matter-of-fact observations. W. R. Leigh and H. W. Ditzler seem to have talent in the same direction.

Elihu Vedder's series of drawings illustrating the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám — another of his excursions into his favourite realm, the mystical — occupies a unique place in our history of illustration. In regard to seriousness and depth of purpose, consummate skill and imagination it has rarely been surpassed. But it was an *édition de luxe*, published for a lim-

ited number of rich amateurs, and in every way such an individual production, that its influence on our illustrators, as an incentive for more serious work, was very slight. The opportunity for the illustration of great works of literature very seldom presents itself.

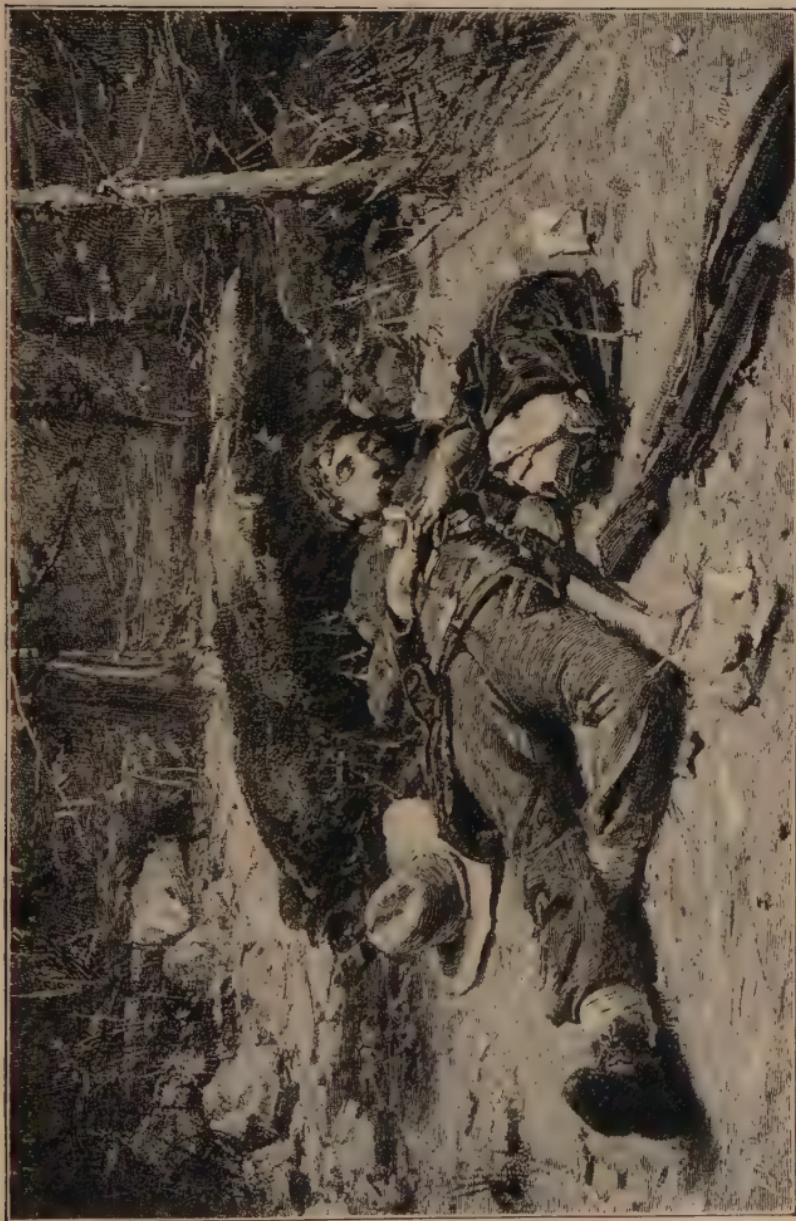
E. A. Abbey (1852-) was one of the few fortunate ones. At the very start he had Herrick's poems to illustrate, and his later successes embraced the works of Goldsmith, "She Stoops to Conquer," William Black's "Judith Shakespeare," and the Shakespearean comedies. A rare ease and elegance distinguished all his work. It seems that he never knew what it meant to be economical with one's faculties. The quantity of work which he has produced is astonishing, but still more so the handiness with which he has executed it. His flow of ideas is inexhaustible. But for depth

and strength we look in vain. A pleasing poetic fancy, elegance, and elasticity, in addition to his marvellous technique, are all his drawings contain. His technique sets the seal upon all his work, he is a virtuoso of penmanship, one of the greatest pen-and-ink artists that ever lived. His most exquisite work, in my opinion, is contained in his pictures to Goldsmith, and to the scraps of homely British songs. It is strange that a young Philadelphian should ever have become so intimate with the rural life of Old England. In those pictures we find them all,—the nooks, the corners, the people, the clothes, the arbours and gardens and tea-houses, the green courts of old inns, and the sun-warmed angles of old parapets, with which we have been long acquainted in Goldsmith's works.

In the eighties illustration became more and more commercial, the demand

was very large, and the artists, unwilling to refuse any commissions, became neglectful and, in consequence, less serious and original in their work. And it has remained so to this very day. The average illustrator does his best and most conscientious work during the first four or five years of his career; take, for instance, Clifford Carleton, whose later work gives gradually a mere repetition or weak reflection of his earlier promise.

Some of the best illustrations have been furnished by men who only "sometimes illustrate." Without the contributions of Shirlaw, Blum, Blashfield, Childe Hassam, Bacher, F. S. Church, Kenyon Cox, Louis Loeb, Irving Wiles, Lungren, etc., our magazines would lose much of their pictorial interest. The work of these painters may occasionally lack the true illustrative quality,—a painting is seldom a good illustration,—but it is



GAUL.—THE LAST LETTER.

undoubtedly to be preferred to the work of the average illustrators like Reinhart, Clinedinst, Gilbert Gaul, George Wharton Edwards, De Thulstrup, Taylor, Garrett, etc. These men occupy the same place in art as the reporters do in literature, they are capable of adapting themselves to every subject, but can claim nothing but the gift of quick comprehension and clever execution. Among them W. T. Smedley is the most talented; his drawings are like the *feuilletons* of some brilliant journalist. Reinhart deserves credit for having been one of the first who introduced "painter qualities" into illustrative work. In the early eighties his drawings were remarkably frank and correct, and regularly looked-for events in many quarters.

Somewhat related to this kind of work are the drawings of C. D. Gibson and F. Remington, who enjoy, of late, an undue

share of popularity. They are both close observers of the *immediate*, with great facility of expression, the one for society types, the other for rougher specimens of humanity, like cowboys, soldiers, etc. Remington has a good deal of vigour, Gibson a certain dash, but both only "represent," and "suggest" absolutely nothing.

A man of broader powers and greater originality than almost any of the working illustrators of to-day is Alfred Brennan.

As a pen draughtsman he has wonderful facility. There are few who have a greater knowledge of the requirements and limitations of the process. His graceful designs, often mere head and tail pieces, are so bizarre, so fluently expressed, and so steeped with the artist's own individuality, that they must be enjoyed, whether one fancies the idea they represent or not. A classic notion in the



WENZELL.—ILLUSTRATION.

shape of an ancient relief, a woman garbed in some fashion of his own fancy, and expressed in quaint sweeping curves, a wave in which careful observation has been utilised for some startling decorative scheme, or a dainty panel of a woman's face amidst flowers and other picturesque accessories,— such are his creations.

Reginald Birch is the illustrator *par excellence* for children's stories and fairy tales. His line is graceful, and his use of blacks exceedingly skilful.

A. B. Wenzell devotes himself exclusively to the depiction of society life, of flirtations in ball and reception rooms, and the resorts of the fashionable crowd. Women in evening dresses are his favourite subjects. He renders them with decided *chic*, and follows the fashions with the devotion and enthusiasm of a custom-made tailor. The feverish restlessness of modern society has found an apt inter-

preter in his talent. He works principally in black and white, and his style has found many imitators. Of late he has occasionally worked in pastel, and obtained some striking effects in colour, but his technical mannerisms, now nonchalant, then again overimpetuous, always lending undue importance to details, are too obtrusive to be used in painting.

Another man whose work is always noteworthy is A. E. Sterner. His low-toned pictures of modern society, compare fairly with the efforts of Tissot, and perhaps are better liked by his younger *confrères* on account of their broader treatment, which is more up-to-date than the smooth, finicky style of the French black-in-black painter. He is not very well known as a painter as yet; he can only wield the brush at spare moments, most of his time being taken up by illustrating, and it was as an illustra-



STERNER. — ILLUSTRATION.

tor that he established his enviable reputation.

Everybody who is interested in art knows him, and is acquainted with his "Prue and I," his black-and-whites for a new edition of Poe's works, and the charming illustrations which accompanied the "Balcony stories" of New Orleans life in the *Century*.

One is favourably impressed by his direct, nervous touch and cosmopolitanism in the choice of his subjects. He is not quite as fortunate in depicting men as women, but he always succeeds in making his subjects appear intensely alive with an inner life. He favours thoughtful gestures of repose and attitudes of pensive grace in his depiction of character,—no special poses, but rather their habits, their ordinary way of being,—and one feels at once that the artist has painted them with his heart.

If he could only be persuaded to adopt a bolder, more virile way of expression, with his extraordinary gifts of draughtsmanship and originality of imagination, he need be second to none among the book decorators of our time.

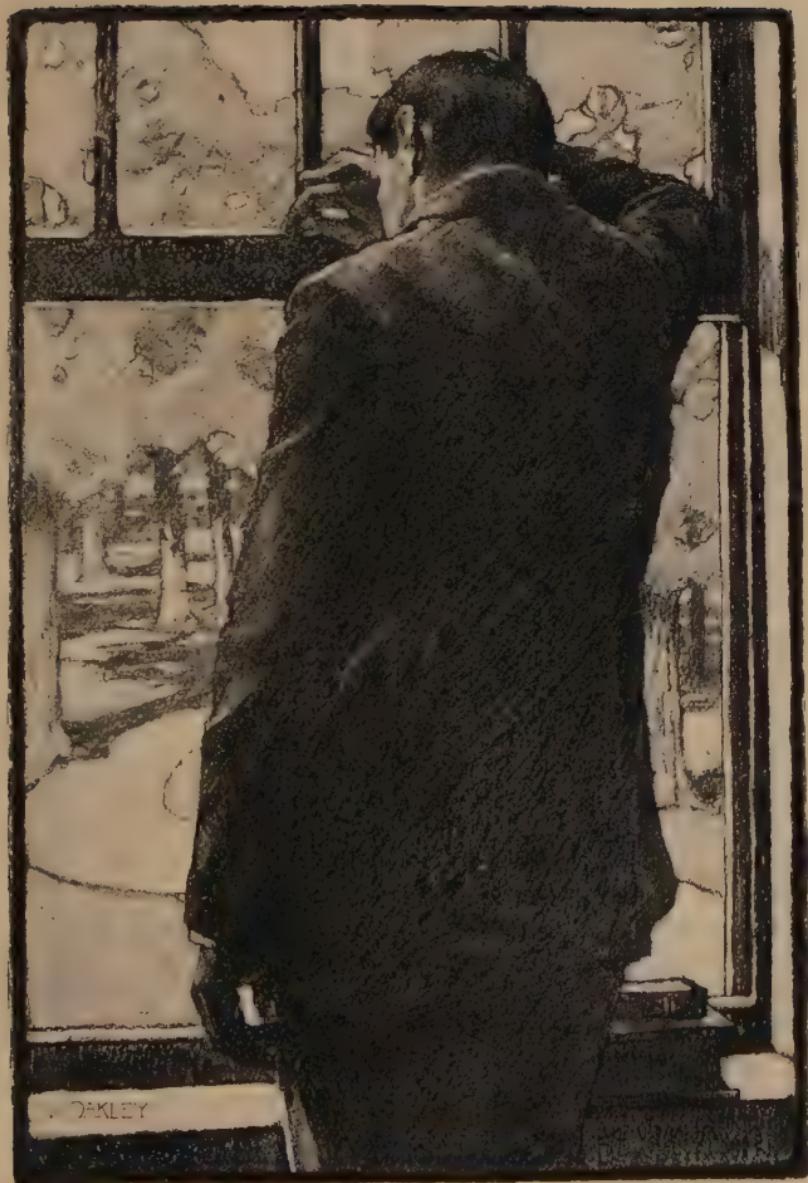
Alice Barber Stephens is a talent somewhat akin to Sterner. She is known for her imagination and facile power of expression, but so much of her time has been devoted lately to objects scarcely worthy of her powers, that it is to be hoped that the occasion for more serious work will soon present itself.

S. S. Stillwell, one of the many lady pupils of Howard Pyle, has shown herself, in the little work she has had occasion to do hitherto, a close observer of child-life, a field in which Chase, Davies, Irving Wiles, Hatfield, Boston, etc., have done some good work, but which is rarely cultivated by our artists as a specialty, H.

Ihlefeld being the only one I remember who has done so.

The most modern of illustrators is Henry McCarter. He has great artistic courage. He has invented a new method of suggesting colour, and applied shading for structural functions. His style shows traces of Beardsley, Steinlen, Marcel Schwab, and the Japanese, but it is after all his own. His technique consists of a combination of all white and black processes, and he at times applies pure outline, wash, charcoal, crayon, and pen shading, one upon the other, in the same drawing. His shading is sometimes done merely in dots, little round and oval rings, crosses, short parallel lines or the naïve repetition of some simple pattern, which is meant to suggest different colours and textures. In a landscape, for instance, he shades the grass vertically, the foliage of the trees horizontally, and the tree-trunks

by short lines following their curvature. An apple-tree in blossom is entirely represented by little dots and rings that are scattered on the otherwise blank paper; a weeping-willow by undulating lines running downward, etc. By leaving some parts of his drawings blank, or dotting them with simple ornaments, and applying to others plain pen or charcoal shading, and to others still a wash with charcoal lines dragged over it, or charcoal shading with pen lines upon it, he enriches his mediums of expression to a remarkable degree; nevertheless he fails to realise colour, which, as he once told me, was his principal object. Vierge with his blacks succeeds far better. McCarter, however, realises mystery, and is capable of expressing the vaguest emotions. His illustrations to Verlaine's poems, notably, "Claire de Lune" and "Le Piano," are veritable triumphs of suggestiveness, in



OAKLEY.—ILLUSTRATION.

the sense the French symbolist poets apply the word. Of special technical interest was also his "Easter Hymn." His style exercised a very strong influence upon all the young illustrators of the day. There is hardly one who has not learnt one thing or another from him. His imitators and followers are numerous enough to be classified as a school. Two of its most talented exponents are Jessie Wilcox Smith and Violet Oakley, who has a strong and attractive flavour in the decorative work which she effects.

Coloured illustration has been successfully handled by Maxfield Parrish, who accomplished the difficult task of using a humourous composition for mural purposes in the grill-room of some Philadelphia club. His elaborate compositions are exceedingly skilful in details, although not strictly original, and tinted with quaint and subdued colour gradations that at

times produce the effects of stained glass, as his curious design, "The Sandman." In a similar vein, and strongly influenced by the Japanese, are the productions of a set of artists in Rochester, N. Y. Harvey Ellis is the best known among them. His "Hour Glass" will delight all who favour an elaborate composition of decorative lines and flat tints.

P. Stanlaws, with his dainty line, has become, with C. H. Johnson and Granville Smith, the leading exponent of French frivolity. None can draw a dainty boot and stocking in a setting of fluffy skirts better than he; but even his most daring attempts at *outré* effects are never alarming to American eyes.

The art of illustration of to-day represents a rather peculiar mixture. It shows distinctly the influence of Beardsley and Henry McCarter, of Japanese art, perhaps best expressed in Gustave Verbeck,



VERBECK.—THE CHICKEN GIRL.

with his quaint humour and impertinence in leaving three-quarters of his sketches entirely blank, and lately of Steinlen, whose method was introduced and built upon by Louis M. Glackens. It strives too much for the eccentric and is too easily influenced by the fluctuation of popular taste, and consequently often deteriorates into faddism. It is more commercial than ever, and but of little interest artistically speaking.

Some of the illustrators that have still to be mentioned are Peter Newell, Walter Appleton Clark, W. S. Taylor, Eric Pape, A. T. Keller, W. M. Walcott, Mary Shippen Greene, Oliver Herford, H. Mayer, Harrison Fisher, H. C. Christy, and O'Neil Latham.

The artistic poster had only a short reign in America. It started about 1895 and subsided within the year. The only truly artistic work that was done was a

poster for the New York *Sun*, a theatrical poster for the "Masqueraders," by Will H. Bradley, and some smaller designs by Ethel Reed and E. Penfield.

Of the other graphic arts, etching undoubtedly occupies the most dignified position, as no other allows its manipulator so much freedom, strength, and personal expression. The etcher's process is the most perfect medium for linear expression; each line bears the individuality of the draughtsman, and gains, through the action of the acid, a peculiar accent and charm of its own. A rugged, well-bitten, slightly irregular line is one of the most beautiful things one can behold.

James McNeil Whistler's name is of course the first to be mentioned in a list of American etchers. Enthusiasts are apt to consider him the greatest of modern etchers, but they forget Méryon and Veyrasset. The finest of his etchings

hold their own by the side of Rembrandt's, but some of the inferior ones are rather empty—that is, empty for Whistler. The English art critic, P. G. Hamerton, gives him about the right position. He says: "Amongst living men Whistler may be cited as an etcher of rare quality in one important respect, the management of line, but his etchings owe much of the strange charm which they possess to a Chinese disdain of tonic values, and to a wayward caprice, loving detail here and scorning it there, which, being strictly personal, can only be of use as an example in one sense, that it shows how valuable in the art is a genuine personal feeling. Whistler is an admirably delicate draughtsman when he likes; there are passages in his etchings which are as striking in their way, as feats of execution, as the most wonderful passages of Méryon."

Whistler's etchings of Loches, Bourges, Beaulieu, and the Loire, although not as well known as his Thames etchings, impress me with a more definitive completeness. Nobody has ever rendered the richly based arabesques and intricate splendour of chiselled stone which characterises the French Renaissance with more analytical delicacy and simplicity of means. So too are his etchings of Venice, notable in the visions of the domes, campanile, and palaces seen across the lagoons. Whistler has caught the peculiarities of the Venetian atmosphere with a faculty wholly personal, and true to life.

Venice has always been the favourite stamping-ground of the American etchers. The horizons of Venice, its ornate architecture, and busy thoroughfares and marts furnished a most ready material for the needle. Thomas Moran, Frank Duveneck and Otto Bacher did their most

noteworthy work in the city of the lagoons.

The first etcher of America was Edwin Forbes, who published a large portfolio of etchings entitled "Life Studies of the Great Army." They will have an historic value as a record of military life during the Secession War.

The New York Etching Club (founded 1877) gave etching a new impetus, and many of its members won praise here and abroad. True enough, there is no great etcher among them, but as Hamerton remarks, it takes a century to produce two or three good etchers. S. R. Kochler, who established *The American Art Review*, in 1879, was specially interested in etching, and arranged the first Exhibition of American Etchings at Boston, 1881. In 1883 another exhibition was held in New York, and fifty-three artists were represented. Lately the in-

terest has abated somewhat, and the presses, which many painters bought in the first glow of enthusiasm, stand neglected and covered with dust in some corner of their studios.

The men who have gained a reputation as etchers are not many. Thomas and Peter Moran have both been prolific etchers. They catered too much to the picturesque, and their work looks rather old-fogyish to-day. Thomas Moran's rendering of Turner's "Venice" is, however, still one of the best reproductive etchings America has produced, and is only surpassed by Chas. A. Walker's interpretations of Mauve and A. Schilling's renditions of Tryon's "Early Evening, Spring," and Horatio Walker's "Early Morning." Mrs. Thomas Moran was the only woman etcher who was elected a member of the English Society of Etchers.

Pennell did some exquisite work in

his "Rambles in Old Philadelphia;" his "Stairs in Water Street" is a special favourite of mine. He is strong in light and shade, and understands sketching, which is the first requisite for a good etcher. His work is skilful, but without much individuality. Frank Duveneck became known for his high finish and the delicacy and accuracy with which his figures were drawn. Otto Bacher is the most vigorous of our etchers. His Venetian bead-stringers and lace-makers, and his "Wet Evening in Venice," are praiseworthy for their breadth of execution. Some delightful work about the harbour of New York was done by Henry Farrar. His skies are noteworthy for their luminosity. Stephen Parrish gained a reputation by a series of plates, entitled "From Cape Ann to Marblehead," in which ragged fishing villages with their primitive life are picturesquely depicted.

Most of them were produced "in the bath." Mielatz discovered some "Picturesque Bits about New York," the composition of which is very clever. But it seems to me that our etchers lay too much stress on economy of lines; their prints invariably look more beautiful in reproductions of smaller size than in the originals. Only Chas. A. Platt seems to master the art of omission. His "Canal at Chartres" is a very creditable performance, and in his views of Holland he carries more of his paintings into his etching than artists generally do.

Also the painters F. S. Church, Swain Gifford, J. M. Gaugengigl, Nicoll, Chase, have shown that they can handle this material successfully. Blum is exceedingly skilful, and excels in beauty of tone, acquired by artificial printing. Wenban, of Munich, draws with great ease on the plates, and few can follow

him in deceptive imitation and unhesitating "sketchy" lines.

Lithography in America has always, with few exceptions (for instance, the portrait work of D. C. Fabronius and J. E. Baker), been confined to the production of theatrical posters, advertising mediums, stationery products, and chromo reproductions of paintings.

In France lithography was very ably used in the early part of the last century by Raffet, Delacroix, Daumier, and Gavarni, and a few painters have always recognised its true fairness to this very day. One only needs to mention Isabey, the painter, one of the greatest exponents lithography has had, Fantin Latour, Corot, Manet, Besnard, and Degas. But it is only lately that English artists are awakening to the possibilities of this medium.

The three processes most applied by

French artists, drawing with chalk of various degrees of hardness, of producing tints with a stump and scraping in the lights, and drawing with a brush much as in a water-colour drawing, have lately given way to the use of transfer-paper. The drawing has to be made with a rather hard chalk on the special paper, which is prepared with a grained surface. This is mechanically transferred to stone, from which impressions are taken in the ordinary way. An idea has gone abroad that work in this manner is not lithography, but that is quite absurd; for the actual particles of chalk put by the artist upon the paper are transferred directly to the stone, where they are afterward treated in the same manner as the drawing would have been had it been actually made on the stone. The portability and convenience of the paper is unquestionable; the avoidance of drawing in reverse (in



WHISTLER.—THAMES WAREHOUSES.

case a sketch has first been made) is a distinct further advantage.

The well-nigh inexhaustible beauty of this material has been proven by Whistler. Lightly his chalk pirouettes upon the paper, and firmly, too, when his subject requires it, nor could anything be lovelier than the delicate gradations of his rarer litho-tints. (He made about a dozen lithographs on stone; all the rest are done on paper.) How wonderfully bland is his line! His shadows grow upon the paper like moss upon a stone. Let us take a look at his "*La Forge de la Place du Dragon*," a thing as realistic as a photograph, and yet by subtle selection as purely decorative as the work of an Italian Primitive; at his "*Jardin de Luxembourg*," a view of the terrace that is curiously Japanese in its treatment; and at his "*La Belle New York-aise*," "*La Belle Dame Paresseuse*," a most beautiful figure in an easy-

chair; at his delightful nude studies, mere visions from which all materiality has been eschewed, and so on,—everywhere we are confronted with the same spontaneity of invention and delicate expressiveness. Nor has he been less successful with colour, hitherto a stumbling-block to other masters of the medium.

C. H. Shannon, on the other hand, is a true lithographer, but it is difficult to tell the difference. He strives for the same soft grays, he works more in detail, and shades elaborately, but blurs his objects in a Carrière-like fashion. His decorative panels of children and impressions of fair women captivate and bewitch one by their dream-like grace and mystic uncertainty of forms.

In America, Sterner, A. B. Davies, and Ernest Haskell have shown that they possess abilities in that direction which would repay further more ambitious efforts.

For reproduction of paintings steel-engraving was still in vogue in the first half of this century. The most perfect engraving in that line is indisputably Durand's superb rendering of Vanderlyn's "Ariadne." He devoted four years to it, and its linear treatment is of the highest order. His "Musidora," after his own design, is less satisfactory; the handling is as perfect as in the previous, but the subject itself rather tiresome. Another excellent example of what steel-engravers could do at that time, is Casilaer's plate after Huntington's "Sybil."

Steel-engraving was gradually replaced by wood-engraving, which reached a rare degree of perfection in the eighties, when the large magazines began to be lavishly illustrated. But its reign was of short duration (1878-94). Scarcely twenty-six years elapsed before modern process methods encroached upon the domain

of the wood-engraver. Their aim, however, had been reached within this short period, although the change was rather disastrous, and in many cases pathetic, to those who had served the cause. Never had wood-engraving achieved such excellence of reproductive technique as in Juengling's "Moonlight Marine," after Quartley, and Kingsley's "Spring," after Tryon. It is absolute perfection.

W. J. Linton, the great English wood-engraver, who illustrated Bryant's "Flood of Years," came to this country in the sixties, and with him our "new school" began to flourish. Good work had already been done before the war by engravers like E. J. Whitney and Henry Marsh. But it was particularly J. G. Smithwick and F. French who became the leaders of the new and broader direction, which strove for a thoroughly sympathetic translation of the artist's work, with all the peculiarities of

his brush work. The importation of the peculiar and beautiful Japanese paper, made by hand from the fibres of the mulberry-tree, also gave opportunity for new and charming effects. The technique of the wood-engraver underwent a complete change. The horizontal, perpendicular, and diagonal style of cross-hatching was introduced. The late F. Juengling, most perfect in the impressionist treatment and catching the character of material, imitated the very sweep of the painter's brush, every daub of colour and scraping on the canvas. G. Kruell, whose portraits were modelled with such rare precision, worked at times with such close lines that only black dots remained and expressed the form of the face, as for instance in his reproduction of Wyatt Eaton's head of Bryant. T. Cole, whom we have to thank for so many able reproductions of the old masters, commanded the most perfect line.

Next to him in that respect were F. H. Wellington and French. F. S. King, famous for his engraving of Church's "Sea Phantom," on the other hand, had a very dainty touch, and succeeded best with poetical subjects; A. W. Lindsay, T. Johnson for their matter-of-fact interpretations and strictly technical accomplishments. W. M. Aikman excelled all in *raffiné* technique. Even men like Peckwell, Lamont Brown, Sylvester, Wolf, Bernstrom, Schladitz, who had no pronounced individuality, were marvellous technicians. J. P. Davis was the curator of this little clan, writing about it and arranging its exhibitions in Europe, which brought them fame and many official honours. Nearly all of them tried their hand at rendering on wood designs of their own fancy, but, with the exception of W. B. Closson, they were not very successful. Elbridge Kingsley's landscape

studies are nothing better than unsatisfactory imitations of Tryon. In that respect the French masters of wood-engraving, like Florian and Lepère, are their superiors.

To-day very little is done in wood-engraving. Kingsley, the interpreter of Corot, Diaz, Michel, Rousseau, Daubigny, Inness, and Tryon, is the only man who still performs serious work. He devotes himself entirely to the engraving of large blocks, with especial reference to their careful printing on Japan paper for limited editions. Kingsley's especial distinction in the use of the graver lies in beautifully delicate tones and his handling of masses. He sacrifices accuracy of form and precision of line to a more truthful rendering of the artist's motives and moods. A long cherished wish to live and be in touch with Nature, to work under her influence alone, induced him to build a wheeled

cart, which can be used as studio and dwelling both, and in which he spends his summers at Hadley, Mass., interpreting on wood masterpieces of our native landscape art.

Artistic photography must be of late regarded as a serious rival of illustration. Photographers who aim at producing pictorial results disclaim as much as possible the mechanical assistance derived from the work of the unintelligent camera, and ask more credit for what in many cases may be fairly termed creative power, not dissimilar to that which gives to other graphic processes the character and name of art.

The majority of artists are still opposed to such claims or feel indifferent about them. Photography is too useful to them as a helpmate. Artists like D. C. French, J. W. Alexander, W. M. Chase, Robert Vonnoh, Vinton, Tryon, and even Whistler

have, however, expressed their sympathy and approval of the new movement. The Hamburg and Dresden art galleries have established a "Kabinett" for photographs in the same way as for engravings and etchings, the South Kensington Museum has devoted a special section to it, and the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts has opened its gallery for an annual photographic Salon.

And there is no reason why a photographer should not do as individual work as an artist in other black and white mediums.

What differentiates the genius from the ordinary being and lifts him above the multitude? To me it is the mastery of three gifts, which others also possess, yet not to the same degree and not united, namely: first, the power of selection, in which technical accomplishments find their expression; second, the depth of

emotion, which formulates the conception of the idea to be portrayed; and thirdly, perseverance, largely dependent on temperament and constitution.

In his selection of his subject the photographer is as much an artist as a painter, only forced to limit himself, as the *plein air* painter does voluntarily, to the reproduction of realities. He must have mastered the science of composition, the laws of perspective, the effects of empty space and linear beauty, the massing of light and shade, and the art of values (rendered particularly difficult by the unreliability of photographing colour values); in short, be a connoisseur to such an extent that he knows at what moment they will realise a certain sentiment and express it on the plate. The ability to select, after the setting of the picture has been satisfactorily chosen and composed, the moment when atmosphere and fig-

ures passing by make a perfect harmony with the premeditated conception, surpasses in spontaneity all other ways of expressing an artistic idea. In that moment the photographer can show genius. To wait for days at the same hours for a certain effect, to wait for years for a certain atmospheric expression, and, later on, the developing of the plate, the process of printing, and not quite legitimate procedure of retouching, demand principally the practice of perseverance, with knowledge, judgment, and chance as guides.

This is merely to prove that genius is possible in photography.

Why should one otherwise be able to recognise without hesitation the authorship of certain prints? Craig-Annan and Horsley Hinton in England, Robert Demachy and Le Bégué in France, G. Einbeck, H. Kühn, and H. Henneberg in Germany, are some of the photog-

raphers who succeed in imparting an individuality to their work.

In America the movement is still very young, but has rapidly come to the front, and largely by the effort of one man,—Alfred Stieglitz. His field of action has been New York. Previous to 1896 there were two photographic clubs in New York, the Society of Amateur Photographers and the New York Camera Club. But photography was merely a pastime to them. All they had to show were innumerable portraits, transcripts of nature, and snap-shots, such as are within the power of almost any one to produce. It was Stieglitz who raised the standard of their work by his own example and advice; he was a factor in the establishment of the New York Camera Club, and founded the club organ, *The Camera Notes* (more artistically gotten up than any art magazine America ever had); he



STIEGLITZ. — WINTER.

gathered around him all the leading artistic photographers of the country, and afforded them the opportunity to become known by monthly exhibitions at the club-rooms. Everything praiseworthy in American photography is directly or indirectly due to him.

His best-known prints are "The Net Mender," "On the Seine," "Scurrying Home," "The Savoy at Night," and "Snow-storm on Fifth Avenue." The latter, of which only half a dozen perfect prints exist, and which have brought as much as \$150, is a masterpiece, and ranks with the best work of any other black and white process. Other artist photographers of note are F. H. Day, with his decorative studies and out-of-door Christ pictures; R. Eickemeyer, a most versatile talent best known by his foreground studies and snow landscapes; C. H. White, who excels in figure compositions

and old-fashioned interiors; Frank Eugene, who invented photo-etching, in which he manipulates the negative with paint and engraving tools; and Gertrude Käsebier, who masters tone and certain pictorial qualities, derived from the old masters.

The latest addition is E. J. Steichen, who, like Eugene, is a painter by profession, but who asserts that photography can express certain things better than any other medium.

The sincerity and enthusiasm, the patience and perseverance which some of these men apply to their vocation is admirable. They merely work for the advance of the artistic expression of photography, and give their entire life to it, without other aims in view, a quality rarely encountered with in modern art. It is of all black and white arts the one which shows at present the greatest ac-

tivity; the literature of its professional magazines is, perhaps, run too much on "mutual admiration" principles, but it proves that the artistic photographers wish to assert themselves and enter legitimate fields of art, and with such serious workers as they have among their ranks, they will, no doubt, sooner or later reach their aim.

CHAPTER III.

AMERICAN ART IN EUROPE.



HERE are in Europe, particularly in Munich and Paris, a number of American artists who, by remarkable work, have won fame before the European public, and who with perfect right could be considered our strongest men if they still deserved to be called Americans. But proving themselves in idea as well as technique the product of a foreign school, and always living abroad with an unpardonable insensibility to American art, our nation has lost all claim upon them. Men like Dannatt, Rosenthal, Shannon, belong to their adopted country just as much as

those foreign artists who have settled in the States belong to us.

The attitude of these artists toward their native country is not a very dignified one. In particular, the younger men have scarcely ever a good word to say about America. They have had, probably, a bad time over here (why shouldn't they, for some of the bad work they have done?), were not recognised for years, went abroad, received mild recognition at once (the Ministers of Fine Arts take care of that), and bask themselves in its sunshine, letting out their spite or recalling personal reminiscences at every occasion. They believe in Whistler's cosmopolitan art theory, and do not realise that (unlike Whistler) they might perhaps have become greater artists if they had returned to America.

Anybody who has a serious interest in the welfare of American art can feel

but little sympathy for these Franco and Teuto-Americans, however one may admire their work.

The only two men we would like to claim are Whistler and Sargent. Yet it seems rather futile. The first has even withdrawn his pictures from the United States' nation at one of the Universal Exhibitions, and sought hospitality in the English department; the latter was born in Europe, of American parents, and spent most of his career in Europe. None the less, the burden of proof will rest with those who would undertake to show that they are French or English.

In this chapter will be reviewed only the work of those Americans in Paris, Munich, and London who have played a more or less important part in modern art. Space forbids us to pick out more than a few specimens of special promise or interest among the younger men.

Paris is still the irresistible magnet to all aspirants to fame, and the largest American art colony is to be found on the banks of the Seine. Ever since the Universal Exhibition of 1889 it has played an important part in the art life of Paris, which is somewhat dependent on foreign elements. If suddenly deprived of them, much of its glory would be lost.

Year after year the work of the Americans has attracted more and more attention, and some of the highest honours have been awarded to our artists.

None has received a larger share of triumph and success than James McNeil Whistler (1834-). He was born at Lowell, Mass.; was taken as a child to Russia; after his father's death he returned to America, and entered the Military Academy of West Point. He soon forsook arms for art, went to

Paris, and entered the studio of Gleyre, where Degas, Bracquemond, Fantin-Latour were his favourite chums. His fame is now an international one. His work and personality have been before the public for nearly forty years. The court gave him one farthing damages and no costs in his action against John Ruskin; he had a dazzling though exceedingly short career as a member of the R. S. B. A.; his "Ten o'clock Tea" startled old and influenced young artists, and his "Gentle Art of Making Enemies" amused two continents. Of late he has become less witty in his remarks. He is growing old, and nothing startling from his hand has been seen for years; but he is still one of the principal topics of art conversations, and his etchings and lithographs still sell at extravagant prices as soon as they are published. The latest news tell that he has opened an art

school and embraced the Symbolist movement.

The success of Whistler began with the "White Girl," exhibited in 1863 at the *Salon des Refusés*, which induced a French critic to call him "*le plus spirite des peintres*." Ever since 1859 his pictures had been steadily refused, but the "White Girl" created a sensation. He always gave a full measure of his peculiarities. Meanwhile Whistler had left Paris and settled in London. There his appreciation of Japanese art, which he shared with the Goncourt brothers (and La Farge in America) a quarter of a century before the collectomania for Japanese bric-à-brac set in, began to influence his art. "*La Princesse du Pays de Porcelain*," and various harmonies in gray and green, flesh-colour and green, etc., were the result. In 1874 Whistler showed at London the two pictures which estab-

lished his world's fame, both simple arrangements in black and gray. Nine years elapsed before they were shown in Paris, and the portrait of his mother found its way into the Luxembourg. After 1884 followed that period of his activity which produced those portraits that have startled the public as well as the profession, mostly full-length figures whose vague forms are lost in a background of vibrant obscurity. The artist called them "arrangements." These arrangements in "gray and yellow," in "gray and black," in "brown" (like "The Yellow Buskin" and "Lady Archibald Campbell,") in "flesh-colour and red" (like the portrait of Miss Rose Corder) or arrangements in black alone (like the portraits of Sarasate, and Henry Irving as Philip of Spain). To this period also belong the "Nocturnes," in their frames of pale gold, sprinkled with silver and

dragged with turquoise blue, which are imbued with the very essence of Hiroshige's art without resembling Japanese art in the least. Perhaps most beautiful of all is his "Nocturne in Blue and Silver," a fragment of the old Battersea bridge, a solitary pillar silhouetted darkly against the cold, dusky sky, sprinkled in the distance with scintillations of fireworks. Never have the elements of Eastern and Western art been so originally united as in these poems of night and space.

The processes by which the material resolves itself into the object pictured—or in other words the translation of the painter's thoughts into paint—are so immediate, the technical means he employs so mysterious, and the charm of his colour, which almost ceases to be colour, so perfect, that we forget all about technique.

This also applies to his portraits. They are not like actual beings, but rather like visions of beings seen perhaps once, but who somehow have made so strong an impression upon us that their image haunts us for ever, without being able to explain the reason. We all have observed that a flower which is beautiful in one vase might grow ugly in another of different shape; and how often does it not happen that we suddenly discover a beauty in the face of a friend whom we have known for years, but who never seemed beautiful to us until some grief or some joy, some passing light or shadow, rendered his features suddenly more beautiful. Now let us look at Whistler's "The Yellow Buskin" (at the Memorial Building, Philadelphia). Here we have a lady of no particular beauty, who in a crowd may pass us by unnoticed, but who in this instance is rendered attractive by the pose,



WHISTLER.—PORTRAIT OF CARLYLE.

in which she is represented turning and looking back while buttoning her gloves as if she were going away from us, which lends a special grace and elegance to the lines of her body and a touch of piquancy to the yellow buskin. And we are aware that should she suddenly change her position, if she would sit or stand before us, her beauty would be lost, because that special turn of her body revealed her innermost beauty, expressed her individuality best. That was the way Whistler painted her, and we can no longer imagine her otherwise. That was the way he painted Carlyle, with a black mantle and a cane in his hand. Every being and object has its moment when it discloses its greatest beauty. Nature often finds it difficult to show herself to the best advantage. For that we need the art of Whistler. He invariably represents his figures in that moment when they appear most beautiful.

Are you acquainted with his Sarasate? That is not the Sarasate of ordinary life, nor is it the Sarasate we know from the concerts. The artist has attempted to suggest the whole atmosphere that surrounds a musical genius. And he accomplished the task by the means of a male figure, in an ordinary dress suit, with shimmering shirt front, lost in a dark, mysterious background.

In his masterpiece at the Luxembourg he does not merely represent his old mother. He endowed this old woman, sitting pensively in a gray interior, with one of the noblest and mightiest emotions the human soul is capable of,— the calm and reverence we feel in the presence of our own aging mother. And with this large and mighty feeling, in which all discords of mannerism are dissolved, and by the tone values of two ordinary dull colours, he succeeds in writing an epic of

superb breadth and beauty, a symbol of the mother of all lands, slowly aging, as she sits pensively amidst the monotonous colours of modern life. Nothing simpler and more dignified has been created in modern art.

Whistler's special style has found many followers, notably J. W. Alexander and W. T. Dannatt (1853-) but while his constant aim is to eschew materiality, grossness, and ugliness, Alexander has been interested in superficial exterior traits, and the latter, at least in the beginning of his career, openly wooed ugliness.

J. W. Alexander's subjects are not women, they are merely his means of expression. Look at his titles. He never calls them portrait of Mrs. so and so, but invariably "A Study in Red," "Portrait in Gray," "The Black Cat," "La robe jaune," "La robe noire," etc. These titles attest that he does not care so much for the

women he portrays, as for the gray or black colour. He wishes to reveal the charms of a particular colour to us, and for that he invents a woman, so to speak, in the character of a colour scheme. It is a colour which he wants to represent in his highest phase of beauty. His "The Green Bowl" (1898 Salon) and "The Piano," a portrait of the singer, Helen Hopkirk, in flowing browns of many shades, were bought by the French government.

His "Pot of Basil" (at the Boston Museum), with its pallid yellow and purple-blue tints reveals his talent for ideal figure subjects. His portrait of Rodin, a study in cool grays with the one crescendo of red,—the little button of the Legion of Honour,—shows that he can also master character.

The "Quatuor Espagnol" (1884), now at the Metropolitan Museum, was the first picture which attracted attention to Dan-

natt. It betrays a most careful observation of values and of the effects of calm gray light. It is painted with the firmness and material solidity of an old master, but still shows the influence of Bastien Lepage's sober colouring. Another picture of this period is his "Sacristry in Aragon" (1888) at the Art Museum of Chicago.

His next step was the attempt to absorb all the possibilities of one colour. His most notable efforts in this direction are "*La Saducéenne*," a study in white, and "*Un Profil Blond*," a study in red. The latter is a picture in which actually everything is red. It represents the back view of a woman in a decolleté gown, looking into a hand-mirror which she holds in her right hand. The colour of her dress is red, a red transparent shawl hangs from her shoulder, in her hair is a red flower, in the corner stands a red vase with poppies, and the background is red also. Theo-

dore Child considered this picture "a vision of beauty of the most exquisite reds in existence,—the velvety red of pelargoniums, the red of azaleas which has the surface of silk, the red of Coromandel lacquer, the red of the flame-licked porcelain of the Orientals, the red of the soft tissues of India, and the red of the wings of butterflies."

I personally, although recognising their charm, cannot agree with this eulogy; red is, of all colours, the most difficult to render interesting *en masse*; it always remains crude, very likely because the vibrations of red strike the retina with less rapidity than those of green and violet for instance. The exploration of one colour has become quite the fashion, and the exhibitions have been flooded with all sorts of colour harmonies, arrangements, symphonies, and studies since Whistler and Dannatt introduced these innovations.

Another startling experiment of Dannatt's was his "Spanish Café Chantant," the sensation of the Munich international exhibition of 1892, where six women of the lowest type, besmeared with grease paint, and one uglier than the other, sit in a row on a bench against a gray wall, and shout and clatter with their castanets while the unsteady glare of electric lights flickers over their figures and displays their flesh tints in all colours of the spectrum. By these experiments Dannatt will be known to the history of art of the nineteenth century as "creator of new themes and motives."

The motive for the "Spanish Café Chantant" picture, however, was not quite original with him. Already in 1886 Alexander Harrison painted a number of nude models, posed on a meadow in the open air, with the sunlight playing over their bodies in a most realistic manner. His

“En Arcadie,” was a triumph in the observation of values, and had many imitators. The sun is not visible in the picture, but its light pervades the whole canvas. The grass was bathed in it, the shadows were merely attenuated sunshine, and the nude bodies seemed to consist of nothing but coloured patches of conflicting lights. Otto Bacher, of New York, several years ago made similar studies; they resulted, however, almost in caricatures. Dannatt, not satisfied with the aspect of the human body in sunlight, went a step farther, and investigated the colour-orgies produced by the flare of artificial lights.

Alexander Harrison (1853-) must be considered at the present time for what he accomplished in former years, and not by what he exhibits to-day. When he made his *début* with the blue-eyed boy, lying on his back on the sand-dunes, and

dreaming beside his castle of mussel-shells and reeds, he was still under the influence of Bastien Lepage. But soon he found his own style of utterance. He was one of those who opened the eyes of modern painters to the diffused vibrations of outdoor light. He selected for his subjects the sea and sky, and has shown us the tide rushing in on a sandy shore in all possible colours, with the reflection of sunlight, moonshine, and other atmospheric effects in the wash of the waves, that swirl in ever-widening curves over the smooth, mirror-like sand. He had at times colour nuances as fine as mother-of-pearl or opal. His "Le Grand Miroir" at the Philadelphia Memorial Building is an excellent study in colour and reflected light. Gradually his colours became cruder and cruder, and as his subjects remained the same, one can feel but little sympathy for his later work. He has had

his say. It is one of the characteristics of our time that men of talent mature quickly, and decline in power at a comparatively early age. It is sad to watch such retrogression, but it after all remains the same, whether a man accomplishes his task in his very youth or only, after hard struggles, toward the end of his career, as long as he has something individual to express which helps the cause of art.

The school of impersonal observation which started with Bastien Lepage's realism has many disciples. They paint large gallery pictures that yield no deeper spiritual meaning on a closer study, as their sole aim is the faithful matter-of-fact reproduction of actual things.

Walter Gay, under the influence of the German gray in gray movement, explored by Liebermann and Uhde, painted a series of old women of singular uncomeliness. "Le Bénédicité," a shrivelled old

woman, sitting praying, with folded hands, before a meagre meal, was bought by the French government. It is a remarkable piece of painting. It has a distinct charm in the delicacy of its grays, as they pass from transparent shadows to the softness of half-tones and the intensity of full light. R. W. Vonnoh ably represented the style in his "Sad News," with an addition of dramatic interest, and produced one of the best works of this school.

Charles Sprague Pearce, who at the beginning of his career was a delightful colourist, as can be seen in his rather amateurish Japanese study at the Philadelphia Academy, also became partial in his semi-religious and French peasant pictures, to gray in gray harmonies. "Une Bergère" (1886) is probably his masterpiece. On a sloping hillside of Picardy, with a rugged path struggling up between fields of stubble and stacked corn, a flock

of sheep is seen browsing, while in the foreground stands a shepherdess resting with her hands on her staff, her eyes cast down in vacant thoughtlessness. The luminous distance and the thin gray atmosphere are particularly praiseworthy.

Inferior by far is Ridgway Knight in his prosaic peasant girls of the department of the Seine and Oise, hailing a ferry, washing at the border of a stream, carrying water, etc. They have very little artistic merit; their colour is almost disagreeable, and the rendering of the figures without interest.

Walter McEwen, the painter of "The Witches," Conger L. Couse, W. Nettleton, and Louis P. Dessar have asserted themselves in a similar direction. Gari Melchers, with pews full of Dutch girls in quaint head-dresses, or sturdy pilots and plain-looking farming people around the communion table, etc., painted in flat

tints, with a decorative feeling and a preference for the accentuation of texture, is also a searcher for truth, but knows how to combine it with more variegated, though still sober, colour, and an occasional touch of poetry.

Two men whose work has always appealed more to the public than to artists are Julius L. Stewart and Henry Mosler.

Stewart, whose two popular pictures, "Five O'clock Tea" and "The Hunt Ball," belonged to the most attractive pictures at the Salon of 1889, excels in depicting scenes of social elegance. His portraits of women impress one by their refinement and bright, cheerful colour. Henry Mosler applies the costumes and customs of Brittany to genre pictures à la Defregger and Vauthier. Not quite as much addicted to story-telling as the two German masters, he is technically their inferior. His drawing is less ac-

curate, and his colour rather muddy. He never surpassed the technical skill displayed in his Luxembourg picture, "The Return of the Prodigal Son," the first picture by an American bought by the French government. Some of his best known pictures are "The Wedding Gown," "The Village Clock Maker," "The Wedding Morning," and "Breton Harvest Dance."

Among the Orientalists, F. A. Bridgman (1847-), Edwin Lord Weeks (1847-), and Humphrey Moore (1844-), have scored the greatest success.

Bridgman has made a special study of Algiers, Egypt, Nubia, and the Nile. As a proof of the high appreciation in which Bridgman is held by art connoisseurs in this country, two of his most notable canvases, "The Sacred Bull of Apis" and "The Portrait of a Roumanian Lady," were presented, the one to the Corcoran



BRIDGMAN.—THE SACRED BULL OF APIS.

Art Gallery, the other to the Philadelphia Academy. "The Burial of the Mummy," the first picture by which he became widely known, was purchased by J. G. Bennett. As a writer he became favourably known by his "Winters in Algeria" (*Harper's*, 1891), and his "L'Anarchie dans l'Art," recently published in Paris, expressing his views upon the danger of impressionism, which is apt to encourage careless work.

Weeks in quest of the picturesque visited not only Tangier and Morocco, but also India. He became identified with the many coloured splendour of the Orient and the vast architectural backgrounds of India. Sureness of eye and skill of hand enabled him to master all the details of these gorgeous pageantries, like "The Return of the Mogul Emperor from the Grand Mosque of Delhi" (Salon 1886), "The Hindoo Marriage Procession" pass-

ing through the quaint streets of Ahmedabad, and "The Last Voyage," a boat with a dying Brahmin drifting on the Ganges, to the burning ghats on the shore, where the city of Benares rises in all its barbaric sumptuousness.

A unique position in Parisian art is occupied by Mary P. Cassatt. Her art is an outcome of Degas impressionism and Japanese colour and line arrangement. Already her "At the Opera," painted in 1879, showed her directness of touch, beside which the paintings of other women artists appear like mere amateur work; but it did not yet show the eccentric linear composition and startling colour combinations (like green and violet, for instance) of her later work. She has succeeded in creating a new style and lending to prose and realism a decorative quality, best displayed in her coloured etchings. In sheer force and breadth of view, few



CASSATT. — THE TOILET.

men artists could rival her Mother and Child pictures.

An artist, independent of any school, who sees nature alive, and paints her so in a free and dashing style, with an occasional introduction of the dramatic element, is F. M. Boggs (1855-). Two of his pictures handled with striking effectiveness are his "Place de la Bastille" (Salon 1881) and "Port d'Isigny," both bought by the French government. He is now largely known as a marine painter. Eugene Vail is another painter of seafaring life, of the Thames, French, and Dutch waterways. He does not convey so much the impression of what he sees, but rather how he feels it. "Il pleut sur la Ville" is beautiful in colour, and full of poetic suggestion.

Among the younger men George de Leftwich Dodge (1867-) is typical for the young aspirant to fame, who considers

a first class medal the Alpha and Omega of art, and applies the usual Salon methods of painting colossal canvases to obtain it. Each year the Salon is sure to bring one or two of Dodge's large ambitious canvases. All his attempts, from "The Burial of the Minnesink" to the "Eighth Olympiad" belong to that sort of thing which young and gifted artists are apt to do before they have discovered the limitations of their powers. His treatment of marines and decorative flower backgrounds is quite excellent, that of his figures rather prosaic and crude. His "Princess Vaivasvata Bathing" is thought by many to be his most promising work.

The only adherent of the *genre féroce* which America has produced, is Frederick Melville Du Mond. Like Aimé Morot, Sylvestre, Luminais, and Rochegrosse, he revels in the representation of sensational bloodthirsty subjects that startle the

spectator by their savage brutality. Du Mond's "To the Tigers" and "Theatre of Nero," a colossal elephant galloping through the arena, bearing a tiger on his trunk, show what an animal painter can do with that class of subjects.

In the rank of the Symbolists we find P. Marcius Simon. His pictures are overcrowded with all sorts of symbols and figurative imaginings, but as they are without any special independence of thought and skill of execution they fail to secure the approbation of more critical and analytical minds.

Humphreys Johnston (1857-) has, of all American artists, struck the most modern note. A pupil of La Farge, his earlier works were efforts to give pictorial form to colour impressions. At his exhibition of 1894, at Klackner's Gallery, one of his canvases, representing a semi-nude, whose torso was dressed in a coat of mail,

seated in a peculiar position on a couch, with a large green bottle standing on the floor, attracted considerable comment. Nobody seemed to comprehend what he meant to represent. And yet the answer was such a simple one. Most of us have met a young girl, or a man, of whom we think "how well she would look in an Oriental gown," or "he should wear a Rembrandt hat, and a white ruche around his neck." Humphreys Johnston painted his model in a coat of mail simply because she looked interesting to him in that way, and afforded him the opportunity of carrying out a colour scheme. He is a man of highly sensitive organisation, bent on realising "individual symbolism" in paint; his pictures in consequence prove rather incomprehensible, but are, nevertheless, full of strange imagination, very interesting and inventive. His "Mystery of Night" at the Philadelphia Academy exhibition,

1901, the half-veiled figure of a woman, standing at the seashore, while the breakers dash against the rocks, and their foam caps glisten weirdly in the moonlight, is a most powerful creation. The figure of the woman had something as weird and seductive about her as the moonlit sea itself.

Other noteworthy members of the American colony in Paris are Lionel Weldon, a proficient delineator of shipping and harbour life; Julian Rolshoven, noted for the poetic way in which he treats interiors and out-of-door scenes; H. S. Bisbing, who devotes himself almost exclusively to the depiction of cows in calm sunlight, Carl Gutherz, a pupil of Bouguereau, never tiring of painting angels, nude little cupids, wings, and golden aureoles; and H. O. Tanner, whose pictures of Scriptural subjects, good in composition, but bad in colour, have much of the simplicity and

fervid feeling of another more religious age.

In Germany great changes had taken place in the sixties and seventies. Like no other before him, Piloty had urged the study of nature, and succeeded in convincing the young generation of the necessity of correct draughtsmanship. Dusseldorf was ousted, and Munich installed. Young talents from all parts of the world flocked to the new prophet and sorcerer to learn from him all his brilliant tricks, in short, all that a master can communicate to his pupils.

Thus the renaissance of German art matured a number of painters of the first rank, such as Makart, Max, Lenbach, De-fregger, Dietz, who, aside of great naturalistic abilities, all understood how to stamp upon their work the individuality of genius.

However, they had not as yet reached that grade of perfection which would put

their technique on a level with that of the old masters. They were not as yet free from mannerisms, only to mention the monotony of brown in their shadows. They had still to do away with the last traces of pedantic work. The one destined to take this last step was Ludwig Löfftz, at present the president of the Munich Academy.

His "Pieta" in 1883 (now in the Pinakothek) was a revelation of the height to which German technique had advanced. To attain this perfection, the master had neglected everything which might possibly hinder the most exact representation of nature. The composition, the idea, the dramatic interest, in which the Piloty school had excelled, were sacrificed. Löfftz simply posed a nude man on the floor, and copied him indefatigably, conscientiously scraping from his canvas what was not true to nature until finally, after three

years' work, he succeeded in faithfully reproducing the model.

In the eighties and early nineties Munich was as much the Mecca of American art students as was Paris, but comparatively few of our painters have made it their permanent home. Among the older men there are Rosenthal, Neal, and Currier, and among the younger element, Marr, Ulrich, Orren Peck, Leigh Whelpley, and Wenban.

Toby Rosenthal remained true to the old romantic school, unconscious of its anachronism, and reaped popular applause with his "Constance Beverly" and his "Grandfather's Dance." He never emancipated himself. To him the mission of art is primarily to please, not to point a moral, or to represent life in all its naked reality.

David Neal (1837-) is much more of an artist, although the Piloty style is still visible in his earlier pictures, like "Mary



ROSENTHAL — CONSTANCE BEVERLEY.

Stuart and Rizzio." The picture representing "Cromwell entering the house of Milton" and listening to the poet playing the organ, is one of the best productions of this school. In his "Retour de Chasse," which he exhibited in this country in 1897, he appeared quite modern, however.

Carl Marr began his career with depicting poetic fancies, of which his "Star of Life" at the Metropolitan Museum, is one of the best examples. The body of a young girl has been thrown on the shore, and among the rocks which form the background, the form of an old man, representing Time, sits meditating on the transitoriness of life. Later he devoted himself to gigantic exhibition pictures, like "The Flagellants," rather interesting in subject, but made with the purpose to show how ably he can master a host of figures on a life-size scale, and still more recently to serious studies of sunlight

light effects, and Dutch women in calm, gray interiors.

Ch. F. Ulrich is known for his conscientious studies of the labouring class of our manufacturing era, like his "Glass Blowers" (at the Metropolitan Museum), and his ambitious "Promised Land," representing immigrants arriving at Castle Garden, treated with all the strength and skill of the best German art of this kind, though rather restless in colour.

The most artistic personality of the American colony in Munich is J. F. Currier, as much to-day as he was twenty years ago. He is a true colourist. His portraits are painted with the dexterity of an old master, and his studies from the outskirts of Munich, or moorland scenes with stormy sunset skies, are close observations of the various moods of nature, rendered in a bold and spirited style. All his work is characterised by simplicity



NEAL.—CROMWELL ENTERING THE HOUSE OF MILTON.

of material and breadth of execution. He was a man who seemed destined to become one of the greatest painters of his generation, and who, after all, was satisfied with simple studies in which his artistic temperament could make itself felt merely through colour and clever brushwork. His influence on American contemporary art can hardly be over-rated, as his studio, within the ruined walls of a convent, at Polling, was always thronged with devoted pupils and disciples of his brilliant style.

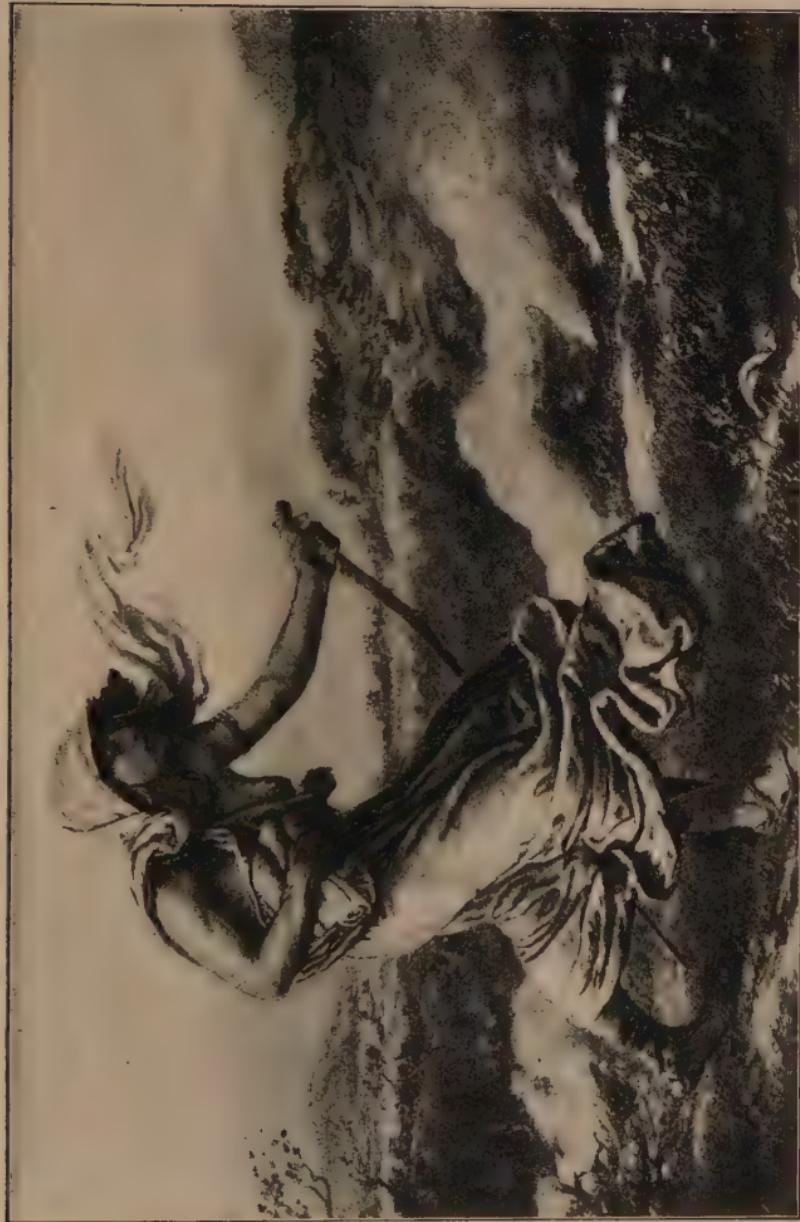
In Holland we can only meet two Americans of note: Gari Melchers and George Hitchcock. The latter made Egmond Hoef, a little village between the North and the Zuyder Zees, his summer home. When the days grow short, and the winds blow, and the dykes are frozen, he locks the door of his cottage and goes into winter quarters,— to Lon-

don, Paris, or Madrid. He gained his reputation by the half idyllic, half decorative representations of the tulip bed and tall growing lilies, with a background of low shrubbery and slender willow-trees, which separate his solitary garden from the bright green Dutch landscape beyond. And behind these rows of flowers generally there looms the vision of a woman, clad in simple, half religious garments, wearing the picturesque coiffure of Dutch women, with white streamers falling over her shoulders.

His most popular pictures are "The Annunciation," "Tulip Culture," and "Maternity."

One of the great aliens of modern art is Elihu Vedder (1844-). Nourished on nothing better than the arid paintings of Düsseldorf and the examples of English artists, he soon created his own style. Changing his studio repeatedly from

VEDDER. — CUMÆAN SYBIL.



Germany to Italy, and from America to France, he was as homeless as his art, which, like Ryder's, really belongs to no school. His productions, however, found a friendly reception from the very start. The original tend of his imagination opened all doors to him. He seemed to have more ideas than all his fellow artists put together. All the ancient legends and mythologies, the strangest regions of heaven and earth, seem to have been explored for motives. The description of a few of his pictures will convey a better idea of his genius than any critical analysis.

In the "Cumæan Sybil" a strange mythological figure strides along with a roll of scriptures under her arm. Her drapery is blown forward by the wind that sweeps the desolate, harsh landscape, while the smoke from the books she has burned is drifting in weird lines behind her. In

his "Sybil" and similar creations, like "The Questioning of the Sphinx" and "The Last Sun Worshipper," Vedder may be said to have fallen but a little short of the sublime.

In pictures like his "Star of Bethlehem" and "The Crucifixion," he already appears too illustrative for the purposes of painting. In his "Crucifixion" one admires the idea more than the composition. Among a crowd of cloaked Jews, Arabs, and Romans the dead are walking and are just beginning to be noticed by the living. As they pass, wrapped in long mantles, some of the multitude start and others are horror-struck, convinced that spectres are amongst them. In the distance Calvary and the crosses are visible.

Distinct traces of the Pre-Raphaelite movement can be traced in his decorative figure compositions like "The Pleiades"

and the "Florentine Festa"—a scene by the shore, in which a number of Greek maidens are playing and dancing in a stately fashion or looking out to sea.

In England there are three painters who are generally claimed as Americans: Boughton, Shannon, and Sargent.

George Boughton (1834—), who landed at New York at the age of three, but was born in England and resided there since 1861, is really a true Briton. The only American traits in him are the reminiscences of the low New England coast and their New England air which occasionally appear in his pictures. He created a style of his own, by calling into being certain types of face and dress, and certain tones and associations of colour, with which we are all familiar from "The Canterbury Pilgrims," "The Heir Presumptive," "Priscilla," "The Waning of the Honeymoon," etc.

J. J. Shannon (1861-) came to England as a boy in 1878. He is to-day one of the most brilliant, and certainly one of the most fashionable portrait painters of London. In forming his style he has been chiefly influenced by Bastien Lepage and Whistler. Recognition came to him early: already in 1881 he painted two portraits by command of the queen. Since that day he has been overrun with commissions. Among his best work we find "The Duchess of Portland," "The Duchess of Sutherland," "Mrs. Shannon," "Miss Clough," and "Sir Alfred Lyall." Although overproductive at times, he never consents to be commonplace; he loves rarity, and always interests by the distinction of an effort which is not that of ordinary men. His talent is prodigious, his sensitiveness to all artistic manifestations extremely delicate. His drawings in black pastel on brown paper, with

a mere suggestion of flesh tints and a touch or two of stronger colour, would alone secure him a leading place among the English artists of to-day.

At the head of modern English portraiture, however, stands John Singer Sargent (1856—). His fame has even eclipsed Whistler's of late. He was one of the fortunate men who at the very threshold of his career had apparently nothing more to learn.

The first picture he ever exhibited (Salon, 1878) represented some fisherwomen and children at the seacoast. Already in 1879 he sprang into notoriety with a dashing portrait of Carolus Duran, painted in the master's own spirited style, and yet indicative of some strong individuality groping for expression. In 1880 he exhibited a *fantaisie* called "Fumée d'Ambre Gris," a young Oriental woman in a pearl-coloured gown, standing on a rug under

a Moorish arch, her hands raised to her head, the folds of her sleeves falling in straight folds and casting a shadow on her face. This picture impresses one like a preparatory study for the prophets of his Boston Museum decorations. In 1882 his picture of a Spanish dancing-girl, called "El Jaleo," created a sensation. Critics prophesied the advent of a new Goya. It depicts a woman in the middle of a dusky room in a voluminous white silk dress and back mantilla with her body thrown back in a slanting attitude, representing a figure of the dance. She dances to the accompaniment of her own castanets and that of a row of joyous, white-dressed women and black-hatted musicians, who sit in straw chairs against the grimy, once white-washed wall, and thrum upon guitar and tambourine or lift their castanets into the air.

The following year brought the portrait group of the children of Mrs. Boit, or the "Hall of the Four Children," as it has been called. Its treatment was exceedingly unconventional, without any of the usual symmetrical balancing of the figures in the foreground. It is the view of a dim, rich interior with a shining floor, where screens and Japanese vases shimmer in a twilight atmosphere. Two of the sisters stand in the background; one of them leans against one of the immensely tall porcelain jars which overtops her. A third is standing with hands on her back, at the left, looking straight at the spectator. The fourth, the youngest of them, sits on the floor in the foreground and plays with her doll. The polished surface of the china, the aprons of the children, and the reflection of light caught in the mirror sparkle in the brown tonality of the picture like sun-

shine brightening the happy play-world of children.

His "Doctor Pozzi," in a brilliant red dressing-gown and the deportment of a figure of Vandyke, was also painted about this time. In 1884 Sargent's famous portrait of Madame Guthereau aroused some ferocious criticism, but as all the fault they could find was merely with its extreme realism and cleverness, the painter, who had meanwhile settled in London, felt in no way disturbed about it, and soon earned fresh laurels with his "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose" (at the Royal Academy), representing two little girls busy with brightening up a garden at dusk with Chinese lanterns. A rare vision, realised on the banks of the Thames, such as the artist may have seen some summer evening, passing in some excursion steamer those fairy-like gardens that slope down to the water's edge in the suburbs of London.



SARGENT.—CARMENCITA.

All these pictures, on which his fame now chiefly rests, were painted before Sargent was twenty-eight years old. Indeed a marvellous feat, that stands almost unsurpassed in the history of modern art.

Since then it has been his rare fortune to paint the faces of fair women. If all those, the problem of whose forms he has solved in his studio, would suddenly assemble in a mirthful pageantry, it would contain all that is most beautiful and elegant in the Anglo-Saxon race. Slim, sensitive young girls and slightly faded matrons, princesses of the boudoirs and music halls, slim tall women wrapped in the silvery sheen and shimmer of white satin, leaders of fashion in sleeveless gowns of black with the crescent of Diana on their brows,— all led by Carmencita in her hoopskirts in black and orange silk,— pass by, conveying to us

the wealth of the artist's soul, who could realise all these dazzling flesh tones and splendid materials with so much grace and precision.

The profession has long acknowledged Sargent, Boldini, and Zorn to be the most skilful wielders of the brush whom modern art has produced. Each of their brush-strokes tells. They are wizards who with a few dashing lines, a few turns of the wrist, can produce the pictorial resemblance of any object that comes under their eyes. Sargent's genius, however, claims other qualities besides mere clever brush-work. The naturalness of his compositions, the singular beauty of sweeping lines, and the loveliness of the complete effect—a combination of the elegance of Vandyke with the bold and bluff technique of Frans Hals—are as great accomplishments as the light and free security of his execution.

In the delineation of character he is less satisfactory. I had repeated occasion to write about Sargent and assert more than once that he could not produce a sober and reliable likeness. I still conform to this opinion as far as his work up to the last few years is concerned. One has only to look at his portraits of Booth and Jefferson. During the last five or six years, however, the individuality of the sitter seems to have become the keynote of his work. It began with his Wertheimer portrait, a superb study of life and character. His latest effort, the portrait of Gen. Ian Hamilton (Philadelphia Academy exhibition, 1901), is a masterpiece. We were confronted by austerity of truth instead of mere cleverness and brilliancy. He has seen deep into his subject, and absorbed not only its outward appearance but its inner life. If that be the direction in which Sargent will work

in the future, his long career of uncontested triumphs has not yet ended. He will startle us again as in the days of his youth, and perhaps finally prove that there is no work of art greater than a portrait.

CHAPTER IV.

LATEST PHASES.

 DESPITE the big strides which American art has made in its development, and the recognition which its foremost representatives have found, it probably never passed through a phase of sterner struggle than it did during the last decades. The work of the older school no longer found a ready sale, and the productions of the younger men had not yet been appreciated sufficiently to possess a market value. Art dealers have taken advantage of the position, and by selling everything salable without regard to merit, and by continually running down American art with a disdainful shoulder shrug, really

proved themselves the most formidable enemy of the artist, not only because they prefer foreign work, but because monetary considerations direct their choice in everything, from the subject to its frame. Besides, the number of artists has increased to an alarming extent. There are about three thousand artists in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia alone.

Young art students should hesitate a long while before they enter art as a money-making profession. As long as they remain "small men" they can expect but trifling premiums for the heavy investments they are bound to make, while there are, of course, as many chances as ever for those who reach the top.

Society, with its mild interest in doing the exhibitions, patronises art either for charity's sake or for speculative purposes. Those who do not merely buy foreign names, are generally narrow-minded, so

that their interest in native art embraces only one or two American names. Favouritism and speculation are not love for art. The class who really cares for the welfare and development of American art is still very small.

Undaunted, however, by these unfavourable conditions, American art bravely struggles onward, and "whenever anything is truly artistic, it is so by its own merits, for American artists were brought up on Spartan principles, so many obstacles being laid in their way that they have either to do something or die," as Thomas Dewing once said to me. The last ten years mark a period of restless activity, noticeable principally in the success of the World's Fair, the two exhibitions of the Sculpture Society, the increase of public galleries, the opening of the Carnegie Art Institute, in Pittsburg, with its annual exhibition, which is the

best the country affords to-day, and in the introduction of mural painting.

Mural painting was absolutely unknown to us, excepting the two isolated cases of La Farge and W. M. Hunt. The latter had, in his "Flight of Night" and "The Discoverer," a true conception of mural painting. A few figures, that served to allegorise a lofty ideal, good strong colour in harmony with the surrounding architecture, and sufficient empty space to differentiate its composition from that of easel paintings, were its principal characteristics. The figures are perhaps a little bit too much detached, and the drawing of some rather inaccurate, but in regard to dignity of composition and loftiness of idea, it has never been surpassed. Allegory of such simplicity, and yet such philosophic depth as shown in "The Discoverer," with Faith dreaming on the waves, Science unrolling

her scroll, Hope at the prow, and Fortune at the helm, has never been applied by the mural painters of to-day. It was the last work Hunt performed; these two paintings really cost him his life: he had to create both within fifty-five days, and in consequence of this veritable *tour de force* he began to fail in health, and never recovered.

The Municipal Art Competition in 1894, for the decoration of the Oyer and Terminer Court, N. Y., won by Edward Simmons, marks the beginnings of the new interest in mural decorations. The Boston Public Library and the Congressional Library at Washington, the Waldorf-Astoria and several other New York hotels, and the buildings of the World's Fair, were lavishly decorated, and many of our foremost artists made their *début* in this, for them, new branch of art.

Since the Municipal Art Competition,

when a number of professional decorators absolutely ignored the seriousness and importance of such a competition by submitting insolent designs, suitable perhaps for the decoration of beer saloons, but impossible for the new Oyer and Terminer Court-room, artists undoubtedly have given a good deal of thought to the grand style of fresco painting; and yet, almost in every instance, my impression is now, as it was several years ago, that most painters do not seem to understand the limitations of this branch of art, also know too little about architecture, and altogether are in this profession more by necessity than by choice. They invariably paint easel pictures on a colossal scale.

Few have done so much in educating the public of this country in matters of decorative art as E. H. Blashfield. Everybody interested in the movement should read his "Plea for Municipal Art." It

is beautiful, profound, and invigorating, one of the best lectures on art ever given in this country. Indeed, it makes Blashfield the Father of Municipal Art in this country. His principal strength lies in decorative painting, in which his drawing is as elegant as his colour is fragile in tone. Although his compositions generally look too laboured, more the work of a scholar than a genius, there are but two or three Americans, if there are any, who can rival him in the grand style of fresco painting. In the colossal ceiling of the Waldorf-Astoria ballroom, however, he seems to have missed the chance of his life.

Maynard and Turner, Fowler, Cox, and Low have done some very respectable work in this line. Robert Blum's "Vintage Festival" in the concert hall of the Mendelssohn Glee Club, is ambitious, but falls short in just what we expect from

mural decorations, since Chavannes made colour musical. The colour is cold; it neither thrills the beholder, nor suggests anything to him. It may do so to others, but it does not to me.

One of our ablest mural painters is undoubtedly Simmons. Art students and sightseers should make a pilgrimage to the little ballroom in the Waldorf-Astoria, and to the corridor in the Congressional Library. The panels are even palatable to the connoisseur, and vastly superior to his decorations of the Oyer and Terminer Court-Room. The only objection I have is that they are too pictorial in character; they look too much like paintings, not enough like decorations; the same can be said of Robert V. V. Sewell's "Canterbury Pilgrims," at the Gould Mansion, Lakewood, N. J., which is otherwise an ambitious and most carefully executed piece of work.

Dodge seems to have a real feeling for mural colouring, but is still too impetuous, and too fond of female contortionists to pass for a master. I believe Dodge's composition for the Waldorf-Astoria ballroom—a cavalcade of white pegasus galloping upward into blue space, mingling with a pageant, depicting the history of dancing—would have been more satisfactory than what Blashfield has accomplished.

Another Rabelaisian spirit is Robert Reid. He is just the man to cover the vastnesses of space. His temperament is full of "storm and stress;" his panels and ceilings look like the frivolous toys of a giant, as if they had been thrown off by a personality capable of excellent work, if he wished to take the pains. He is conscious that, despite his absolute carelessness, his work, for instance his "Five Senses," is always more elegant, tasteful,

and eccentric than that of the majority. He is satisfied with a certain *haut goût d'esprit*, which is at times delicious.

Walter Shirlaw's dignified style and vigorous draughtsmanship might be applied to advantage to mural purposes. Only, it is a pity that his allegorical figures are always abnormally large for the space in which they are composed, though just this defect gives his conception a severity, *breadth*, and *grandeur* which few others possess. Also Alden Weir, Walter McEwen, Gari Melchers, Charles Sprague Pierce, and C. Reinhart have tried their hand at mural decoration.

At the World's Fair, Alden Weir's work belonged to the most successful; his large figures at the Liberal Arts Building were simple in line, and the general scheme of colour, pale blue with purple and green, suggested the evanescent hues of Lake Michigan. McEwen's two compositions

showed skill of arrangement and distinction of line. On the first, satyrs pipe to a group of dancers; the second panel, which allegorises manufactures and textile, is equally rich in groups. Across the background of each moves a procession in the honour of Pallas Athene. The general colour gamut is light, with an intricate harmony of delicate tones. The procession is silhouetted in bluish tones against an early evening sky, its golden glow accentuating the figures with beautiful touches of light. Melchers had the good taste to follow out this scheme of colour in his panels on the same side of the building.

Nearly all the work mentioned suffers from the haste with which it was executed. The demand is too lively, and as the supply is always equal to it, it is not astonishing that much of the work is in artistic, inharmonious in colour, and

without special meaning. "Art is no commercial commodity, to be delivered with as much advertising noise as possible, after having been executed with special reference to time and dimensions." The officials and committees, ignorant in art matters, who raise the money for such public decorations, are more to blame than the artists, who are forced to accept the commissions.

These are the reasons why our mural art, taken as a whole, is of no intrinsic value. The artists have mumbled old formulas and flattered past style, instead of having resolved to be new. Simmons wished to introduce the roofs of New York in one of his compositions, but the committee in question would not have it. Only Benson and Tarbell have proved that women in modern dress are possible in mural painting.

A few men have worked more seriously

and allowed themselves more time in the execution of their task, notably E. A. Abbey and Elihu Vedder, but the work of both men — however well conceived, carefully studied out, and brilliantly executed it may be — looks too much like gigantic illustrations to be satisfactory as mural paintings.

The best ceiling decoration in New York is to be found at the *café* of the Empire Hotel. It is painted by Th. W. Dewing. It represents simply three female figures, gowned in rather too modern a style to be sitting with a crescent in the clouds. But the little ceiling is so charmingly composed, so gracefully drawn, and so exquisite in its colour gradations that it satisfies eye and imagination both. There is nothing like it, as far as I know, on the island of Manhattan, except it were La Farge's sumptuous and unreligious "Ascension."

I wish Dewing would some day find the opportunity to paint a big decoration. He would, should he ever be called to master heroic dimensions, do something of lasting value, no doubt.

John S. Sargent is the only man who solved the difficult problem successfully. On his mural decorations (at the Boston Library) glows the light of genius; it is irresistible in its power, the outburst of a gigantic mind which could not be fully satisfied with mere virility of brush work. He created idols, gods, and myths in his own image; he represented to us a world of his dreams, peopled with quaint shapes only faintly reminiscent of the past, a chaos of fluid, unfixed elements which only the genius of a great painter could transform into a permanent pictorial vision.

Mural painting, with its line and space composition, and decorative schemes of colour, has exercised a decided influence

on easel painting, but still more palpable in contemporary art are those accomplishments of our young painters which were derived from the innovations made by Degas, Raffaelli, Besnard, Zorn, Boldini, etc. They are best expressed in the works of the Tarbellites, a clan of Boston artists under the leadership of E. C. Tarbell (1862-).

Let us enter one of their exhibitions. There are lamp and firelight effects, and an occasional lawn fête. There are mothers with children, sitting in a boat, on the piazza, or in an orchard, and who apparently have no interest in life except a mania for posing in sunlight. The Tarbellites are also very fond of depicting models, sometimes nude, in the dottist fashion, but generally dressed up like society girls, in amethyst and opal gowns.

They are, first of all, technicians. E. C. Tarbell's vigorous, dashing brush work

is always sure to attract attention. This was the principal merit of his prize picture, "The Bath," a life-size nude, rather coarsely painted after a model of the lower classes (while the hands and feet were taken from a print of an old master), a bathing-tub and a servant girl with a towel, rubbing her mistress, as adjuncts. Possessing the courage of egotism, which every introducer of a new style is obliged to possess, he has made his methods fashionable, not only in Boston but in the public exhibitions, and all his disciples aspire to painting a picture like his "In the Orchard,"—four life-size girls and a young man in summer garb (typically American, with a Howellesque flavour), sitting in an orchard doing nothing.

It is delightful to find painters at last who can *paint*. It is delicious to see large sweeps of colour in the right place, and whole hands and arms "cheeked" by

the means of clever colour strokes and dots.

On leaving such an exhibition, however, the delight is over. All one remembers is clever brush work and paint, and beneath the canvas nothing to satisfy one's soul. One has the right to ask of them not merely to show us something, but also to be something. We would hardly expect little shoebblack stories à la J. G. Brown (who, despite their sneers, has his indisputable place in American art, such a one as they may be mighty glad to occupy some day); no, their selection of subjects is fair enough; there is no reason why a life-size girl with a life-size horse, at a life-size watering-trough, could not be made artistic and interesting, but Tarbell's picture lacks just what might save it—individuality; even Herbert Denman excels them in that particular.

To repeat nature is their motto, which

is very meritorious, to say the least; yet one shortcoming is attached to it: if two or three painters paint the same subject, and they invariably do, it becomes very difficult to decide about the authorship. In order to become prominent, then, there remains only one remedy, which can be employed by none but remarkable technicians, *i. e.*, to rescue their individuality by employing an out-of-the-ordinary handwriting in copying nature. Though a picture may be nothing but a piece of reproduced nature or humanity, an artistic individuality, by making its flourishes of brush work over it, can attain mastership. But in the case of the Tarbellites one is never sure which of them painted this or that picture. This year De Camp exhibits a picture that seems to be technically a facsimile of Benson's picture of last year, and next year Benson will come forth with a canvas that looks like a Tar-

bell of several years ago. Individuality is deemed unnecessary; only now and then a mild character actor like Philip Hale appears among them. In order to become a Tarbellite one must manage merely to cover large surfaces with pyrotechnic displays of technique. This is why the school has so many followers.

And then, sad to say, their ever-changing technique also bears no characteristic of its own. None of them has acquired a style like Henri Martin, for instance, whose pictures look as if they were painted on rough walls, or Raffaelli, whose pictures seem to be drawn with mud and coloured with pastel. The Tarbellites are like clever American tailors, who closely follow the latest innovations, in cut and material, of their European brothers. And thus they have been influenced successively by Whistler, Sargent, Boldini, Degas, Zorn, and many

others, and lately Raffaelli and Abbott Thayer. Nevertheless, we must praise them for good taste in the selection of their masters; they would never, for instance, fall into extravagances like Dannatt, who paints Spaniards in a Japanese manner with magnesium flash-light illumination.

It is certain that all who care for elegant brush marks, veritable bareback performances, will be satisfied with, nay, enthusiastic about, the Tarbellites, for it would be an absurdity to deny that they are clever men, with a flexible hand and a decided sense of colour.

R. W. Vonnoh, of Philadelphia, belongs to these descendants of impressionism. When abroad, he painted a number of strong, masculine pictures of gray in gray realism, but later on, becoming a fashionable portraitist, he entered the variegated fields of impressionism, as a dottist. He



VONNOH. — SAD NEWS.

argues like Girardot and other Frenchmen that, for instance, a face, however well it may be reproduced by a painter's technique, looks dead in comparison to the tremulous vitality of colour in a living head. And as scientists assure us that the very first consciousness we receive from the outside world consists of a chaos of colour dots, Vonnoh endeavours to preserve this vibration of nature by painting his portraits and landscapes entirely in dots, pure, bright colour dots of the impressionist's pallet.

It was an interesting experiment in the hands of so intellectual a man as Vonnoh. Lately he has returned to the *plein air*, in which he achieved his first success, but his colour, although richer, has grown more uncertain.

No artist typifies this state of uncertainty and experimentation, so frequently met with among our young painters,

better than Alden Weir (1852-). He appears different at every exhibition. He feels at home in all mediums, and all the styles *en vogue* are at his command. If he continues as he has begun, he will one day be in possession of all the technical tricks and mysteries known to the evolution of modern painting. What a change from the delicious, ethereal flower pieces at Inglis's private gallery to the rough and masculine "General Gilmore," or from his exquisite "Open Book" to the crude landscapes painted on absorbent canvas. He has tried his hand at all the methods of impressionism, and, not satisfied with such dexterity, has also absorbed the elements of Japanese art. Alden Weir is an experimenter, yet his experiments are sincere and therefore far superior to those of the Tarbellites. He is one of our foremost technicians, and like Chase one of the few men of 1878 who

have kept pace with time. A remarkable picture is his "Captain Zilinski;" it is refreshing in its naïve, brutal strength, so suitable to the subject, the inventor of that murderous weapon, the dynamite gun. Even without knowing the sitter, you might vouch that it is a striking likeness—even more than a likeness, as it gives us the environment in which this man is living as well as Alden Weir's comment on it; the streak of vermillion of the coat lining is a *bravura* touch.

Alden Weir and the Tarbellites also belong to the Society of the Ten American Painters (organised in January, 1898), which has made the vain attempt to divide Manhattan art into three factions. They have been unsuccessful, because they have no particular aim, except that of exhibiting independently of juries once a year, and are therefore in no way of any special significance to our art, as the *Essors*, *Vingt-*

ists, *Rose-Croix*, etc., for instance, are to French art. They have nothing to say which they could not just as well say on the walls of the Academy or Society. The members are Dewing, Tarbell, Benson, De Camp, Weir, Twachtman, Metcalf, Simmons, Childe Hassam, and Reid.

Among these men Robert Reid (1862-) is one of the most interesting personalities. None succeeds like him in realising on canvas the American woman — no aesthetic Dewing type, but the natural woman full of vitality and spirit — against decorative flower backgrounds in the sunlight of summer. He treats these out-of-door scenes with all the sumptuousness of some barbaric pageantry, and with extraordinary technical facility, in swift, uncompromising strokes of the brush, and daring experiments of colour. Everything is robust and vigorous in his brilliant and animated



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REID.—THE CALLA.

style, qualities so strongly developed that they confirm him one of the masters of the future. He should, however, abandon his occasional attempts to paint ethereally, a faculty absolutely denied this joyous bon-vivant, this leader of decorative impressionism and poet of frivolity.

Louis Kronberg is our depicter of ballet girls. He has a keen eye for movement and footlight effects, and the ability to express them with brilliancy of colour. The "Queen of the Ballet" and "Loie Fuller" are his most ambitious efforts. In the beginning of his career he made movement, which is the soul of dancing, the centre of attraction, but lately he has also painted ballet girls dressing, standing behind the scenes, etc. In regard to decorative effects and elegance, he might learn a good deal yet from Degas, Renouard, and even Carrière Belleuse. He also paints portraits, and, like Frank Eugene,

devotes himself largely to histrionic celebrities.

Young artists are rather uncertain quantities: ten years hence they may be celebrities, or totally forgotten. Some of those who appear specially talented, but whose names can merely be mentioned here, are Paul Moschowitz, H. D. Murphy, M. B. Prendergast, Ch. H. Fromuth, F. D. Marsh, J. G. Saxton, A. H. Maurer, W. E. Schumacher, J. W. Morrice, H. B. Fuller, Taber Sears, Leslie Cauldwell, B. O. Eggleston, Maurice Fromkes (portraitist), Ch. Schreyvogel, A. L. Groll, O. Miller, etc.

A young man who might have accomplished great things, if fate had treated him less scurvily, was John E. McAllister, a poor shoemaker of Lisbon, Me., who made pastels in his leisure hours. Born and brought up in the humblest circumstances, without special education, and bound to the care of an invalid mother,



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KRONBERG. — QUEEN OF THE BALLET.

he had all his life to work at his trade, or as a farmhand, and was most of the time too poor even to buy the necessary material for painting. But his pastels, without technical skill worth mentioning, evinced such remarkable qualities, especially in sentiment and colour, that many artists with a European training could feel proud if they were the authors of like artistic accomplishments.

A few days before his death, in 1895, he sent me a picture, entitled "Falling Leaves and Golden Dusk." It represents a pond, bordered by autumnal forest land, sad and silent like his own existence. The picture expresses such deathlike calm that one seems to hear the leaves break and fall, doomed to decay while the glory of light fades, shining faintly through confused twigs and branches like the sun of art through the despairing monotony of the painter's life.

Like young Dennis M. Bunker, of Boston, he died before he had the opportunity to realise his ambitions.

The solemn, low-toned key of colour with which Velasquez idealised the actualities around him, and the rhythmic breadth which made Manet a master of realism, have found in Robert Henri (1865-) a worthy exponent. In former years he painted perspective views of piers and stretches of sand, empty or crowded by a variegated throng, always under the blazing sun, that look like caskets of jewels, or out-of-door effects à la Monticelli, and a certain type of woman bred by his imagination, originally, I suppose, descendants of the Fur Jacket and Yellow Buskin ladies. They were usually dressed with Whistleresque simplicity in a dark greenish blue that reminded one of snakes, and had the peculiar habit of placing the lamps in their Bohemian bou-



HENRI.—LADY IN BROWN.

doirs on footstools or on the floor, causing their faces to be illumined like Irving in "The Bells." They had something morbid, hectic, vampire-like in them. He has abandoned all this, and now simply strives for truth. In addition to truth of local colour, of comparative values, of strength and an almost over-exaggerated breadth, one notes in his portrait and street scenes a striking sense of colour, commanding a close range of fine dark grays, full-toned browns, and rich blacks. With a poetic temperament and an eye but poorly satisfied with commonplace realism, Henri should rapidly build up a reputation. Louis M. Glackens is another young man who has inherited many of the broad principles of the Manet school. His work shows breadth of handling, strong colour, and a dash and virility very rarely met with among our younger painters. Also J. Sloan, of Philadel-

phia, has decided talents in the same direction.

Directly antipodal to these three men are Albert Herter and W. E. Kline, whom one might classify as idealistic subject painters. Herter's art is attractive and highly finished. He commands a poetic fancy that is at times quite subtle; for instance, in his two studies in black (at the spring Society exhibition, 1897) representing two women in Japanese robes, lost in shadowy backgrounds. They are poetic, suggestive, decorative, and carefully finished without having lost their spontaneity. I never believed that Herter, who seemed only pretty to me hitherto, could combine so much strength with beauty. They are "expressions of emotion in the presence of Japanese gowns," as the art-critic of a New York paper aptly said. W. E. Kline combines elegance of execution with careful obser-



Copyright by W. F. Kline.

KLINÉ.—OUR FLAG.

vation, and, as he has the ambition to treat genre subjects in picturesque incidents and surroundings, as Steevens and Roybet, for instance, have done, he may give us a higher class of genre than our art has hitherto produced. His study in reds, "Our Flag," clever and characteristic in creation, is a good start in that direction.

A. Franzen, who seeks his subjects in the picturesque life of common working-people, is modern to his finger-tips. His art has a mild flavour of what the Germans call *Tendenzmalerei*. Franzen does not merely throw a confused veil of poetical mist over the simple doings of simple folks, but expounds proletarian socialism as well as it can be done by the brush. His composition is charming in its simplicity, but his colour is rather morose and restless.

Colour seems to be the leading theme

of three of our younger men, Percy Woodcock, Hollis Bowman Page, and Frank Vincent Du Mond.

Woodcock, of Canada, is a texturist of remarkable ability. Every variation of style, from the thin, flat surface painting of the Japanese to the dough-like impasto of Monticelli, is at his command, and in the latter he excels. Most of his pictures of that kind are small panels; what they mean to represent is often impossible to determine, but I remember having seen a wreck on a tempestuous sea; groups of women and children gathering flowers, making music or gambolling, generally in some sun-spotted forest solitude; and a group of Arabs in yellow on horseback, galloping into the dark background. Improvisation is his method of working. He puts large lumps of colour on his panels and mixes them into each other with a palette-knife, trying to get as smooth a sur-

face as possible, then he hangs them on the walls of his studio until they are thoroughly dry, whereupon by association of thought they soon suggest to him one thing or another, and he finishes the picture merely by putting a few touches here and there to emphasise his impression. When finished they possess two leading qualities: they are a constant treat to the eye, and evoke dreams by their vague suggestiveness.

Page is an experimentalist. His ambition is to set down certain rules that would enable us to compose colour schemes in the same manner as a piece of music is composed. He has published a few diagrams of his theories of colour which are very interesting. One of them shows the twelve most prominent colours of the solar spectrum with their corresponding toning colours for lights and shadows. If the local colour, for in-

stance, is yellow, one should use purple for the lights and bluish green for the shadows.

One of his paintings, representing a peasant (Page is a pupil of Jacobides), exemplifies his theory: the background is crimson, the waistcoat blue, and the general effect of the face yellow, which is also carried out in the details,—the nose, for instance, is purple, with green high light and orange shadows. In the same manner it will be found possible to compose a festive march in colours, the first figures of which will represent the original melody, which will be taken up and developed in the successive groups of figures.

Du Mond is fond of making experiments in “colour music.” His “Portia” was, like Dannatt’s “Un Profil Blond,” a study in red. But his favourite colour is green, and he never realised with it such a painful penetrating as in his “Baptism.” My

retinas refused to absorb anything but that heart-corroding green, so that at the first glance I failed even to perceive with how little devotion he had treated that devout subject. I believe Du Mond resembles Rochegrosse, who likes vermillion because it has a calming influence on his nerves. Du Mond's nerves seem to demand that painful green, though now and then his eyes take a rest in the complementary colour, as is evident in his "Portia."

Symbolism has also made its appearance in American painting. Paxton in Boston made a haphazard, intimidated attempt at it. A. B. Davies (1862-) who, in the profession, is known by the name of "The Echo," as he is supersensitive to every impression he receives from the works of others, is a symbolist in the true sense of the word (not in the sense Marcius Simon is one). Like Alden Weir, Davies suffers from the experimentation

fever, and it is very difficult to make a diagnosis of his art.

Davies's power of suggestiveness is psychological in its origin. He is a dreamer who has evolved his own ideas on evolution, love, sexuality, maternity, childhood, etc., and these he expounds in his paintings and pastels. He is the most intellectual painter we possess, and he is apparently a believer in Sidney Lanier's maxim, "To be free is not to be independent of any form," and if Davies develops into a great painter, his deep culture will have made him one. At present, with his trickery of technique, at home in all styles, he is not a "master," but merely an adapter, "of many forms." Many of his pictures are absolutely meaningless (not on account of any obscure depth, but rather in consequence of their vagueness and unexpressed individuality), though they may mean "all the world" to the

artist. In this respect Davies may resemble the French symbolists. He paints only for himself and a select few.

The influence of Japanese art plays a very important part in our most recent productions.

Suggestiveness is one of the leading characteristics of Japanese art, at all events that one which appealed most to our Western minds and entered most our art. In Europe nearly all the leading painters are under the magic ban of Japanese art, in the same way that they were influenced by the canons of Greek art at the beginning of this century.

In this country the tendency is not so pronounced. Yet we have a few men who elaborate Japanese traits to good advantage. A. B. Dow, a student of Professor Fenellosa's collection of Japanese prints in the Boston Art Museum, en-

deavours to paint American landscapes, as a Japanese would see them.

Dow is a theorist, and backs up his art by principles.

His colleagues shake their heads at his peculiar compositions, and suppress a smile when they hear that he applies flat tints of gold leaf to his pictures, but Dow has, after all, the merit of conviction, and his experiments are interesting at least.

His pictures have something distinctly Japanese about them, and yet they are American in character. Look at his discriminative construction of lines, angles, and spaces, his firm but exceedingly simple technique, the bold selection of harmonious colours, the blending of flat tints, the wilful emptiness and lack of depth in certain parts, that is all Japanese. But the endeavour to express sentiment (for instance, a town cradled in valleys, spires and roofs against the sunset

skies), the pictorial conception, the endeavour to convey elusive expression, the melodramatic effect, that is all American.

He does not strictly imitate Japanese art, which in his opinion is the only art based on the universal laws of nature, but only *adapts* what he finds profitable for expressing the sensuous, decorative elements of nature. No doubt, Dow would be more original still if he would try and fathom the fundamental lines of our American nature, and build his method upon them; but that would be the work of a genius, and perhaps of more than one.

Dow deserves admiration as long as he is as sumptuous in his colouring, piquant in his naïveté, and fascinating in his poetry as in his "Red Twilight" and "Ebb Tide and Sunset Glow."

Chas. H. Pepper introduced himself most forcibly to the New York public

several years ago, with twenty or more epigrammatic "Studies in Holland" of excellent draughtsmanship. He belongs to the new decorative school, which pretends to see everything in sharp outlines and flat tints, and which saves a good deal of colour by using, like Hopkinson Smith, author, lighthouse-builder, and water-colourist, the coloured paper itself as a medium of expression. Mr. Pepper is undoubtedly clever; he knows how to make his work original by neglecting the conventional laws of composition and applying the mannerisms of a Degas and Skarbina, *i.e.*, giving a part of a picture instead of a complete one.

A picture which depicts on one side a Dutch peasant cut in two, and on the other a female figure treated in the same dissected manner, at the bottom a face, the figure of which is outside the frame, and at the top a row of figures whose

heads have also to be imagined, may be curious, very curious even; yet would it not be a more curious feat if there were nothing at all on the canvas?

The young artists of to-day, like J. W. Finn, Bryson Burroughs, have looked too much at Japanese picture-books. Consider, for instance, some of Alden Weir's and Sergeant Kendall's landscape studies. They have all the characteristics of Japanese landscape-painting, without owning its primal virtue, the power of suggestiveness.

Bradley and many of our poster artists, illustrators (above all Henry McCarter, who drew such delicious commentaries to some of Verlaine's poems), have enriched their power of expression by Japanese art.

But in most cases they only imitate the general effect; they do not study the rigid canons of Japanese art, which date from

the Chinese era, and therefore often apply ways and methods that have no justification whatever in our civilisation.

Very few have acquired anything of the skill with which the Outomaros and Hokusais have drawn, of the marvellous facility with which these Eastern artists have dragged, slipped, and twirled their brushes over the paper, suggesting with every dash and dot a glimpse into the wealth of plant and animal life, and atmospheric phenomena. Only now and then one sees an illustration which reminds one of the fluid Eastern touch.

The one man who is genuinely Japanesque is Gustave Verbeek, who has imbibed the Eastern element by a long stay in Japan. He was born, 1867, in Nagasaki, of Dutch parents. He paints dream pictures — quaint decorative fancies in which damosels in quaint robes and sketches of wild animals figure conspicuously, that

can only be reared in a mind entirely given up to vague imaginings. He is one of those men who could not bring his inner life into harmony with the outside world. He did not quite comprehend it, and therefore preferred to live in the dreamland of his own imagination. He is a remote descendant of Church ; his pictures have also the naïveté and humour of fairy tales, but they are not Anglo-Saxon in character. Verbeek is neither American, Dutch, nor Japanese. His chief delight is to draw in *improvvisorio* fashion an American girl with Dutch awkwardness in a Japanese attitude. His pictures have all the non-chalance, the elegance, the effeminate grace and reticence of gesture of an Outomaro. He is the one American artist who has mastered the Japanese gift of "suggestiveness," in line as well as in colour. His sense for colour is marvellously subtle ; it has a true mural feeling about it which

might be used to better advantage than in the production of mere decorative fragments.

His one point of inferiority is his lack of artistic consciousness, the lack of a definite aim, but that is a characteristic conspicuous in all the efforts of the modern school.

Students and lovers of art have apparently come to the conclusion that sketches, which merely hint at a subject, represent a higher art than finished pictures, and they do it as long as the finished pictures do not preserve the spontaneity of the original inspiration. But as soon as a picture satisfies that demand, the most suggestive sketch appears a mere trifle in comparison, for a deep and lasting impression can be produced only by a picture which has been worked and worked upon until it has reached that musical intensity and expansion which

modern time considers the superior essence of art and all other enjoyments.

The efforts of our young men in this peculiar branch of art often manifest a high-strung talent, even in the smallest trifles, although in many cases they reveal a remarkable amount of insolence, for which there is no such excuse that Whistler, Manet, Courbet, etc., have also slapped the public's face with their débuts.

Everett Shinn, the picturer of New York street scenes, may be regarded as the foremost representative of the suggestive sketch. His memory sketches of street scenes are instinct with vitality, movement, and reality. He is fascinated by the picturesqueness of our streets, the vastness and hurry of the stream of humanity, the unceasing roar and traffic, the ever-changing effects of city life, and represents them with the facility of a virtu-

oso, who sports with difficulties. The rapidity with which he executes these memory sketches gives his work freshness, and seems to impart a quality that might be lost in more laboured attempts. The drawings of Steinlen in the *Gil Blas* supplements were his teachers. Steinlen, however, kept strictly within the limits of illustration; Shinn works on a larger scale, striving for movement and atmospheric effect rather than for preciseness of drawing and accuracy of characterisation. His sketches and studies in pastel are neither illustrations nor paintings, but a happy go-between, specially suited to his bold and resolute style and his choice of subject.

If art continues in this weird fashion (J. T. Keiley does the identical thing in artistic photography), it will soon be reduced to slips of differently coloured paper, with a few disconnected, partly

visible figures, sometimes only with certain parts of the body, like a knee or nose, appearing on the edge, or even merely with a few lines and dots and some cross-hatching, that have some hidden symbolical meaning which one has to guess at from the shape and tone of the paper, the colour and the suggestiveness of the drawing. Later on, as things develop, they may also perfume their paper, or exhibit strangely tinted paper with a childlike drawing consisting of two or three lines, or with nothing at all. Davies and Twachtman, two of our most intelligent artists, have already reached this suggestive, ultra-individual art, as you may judge from the landscapes which Twachtman draws with morose green chalk on dark gray paper, and the orange and lilac outline drawings of Davies on wall or packing paper.

What the true art lover objects to most

of all is the applause bestowed on trifles to-day. It is good that these sketches should be artistic, but to rank such things, even by inference, with great paintings is most mischievous. If the younger men are told that anything and everything is an achievement to make them immortal, what record can we expect to leave to future ages? Our art of to-day lacks young people who with competent, finished work realise the new ideas they strive for. Studies alone are not sufficient. We must have more thinking painters like Hunt and Fuller, like, Inness, Homer Martin, Abbott Thayer, Winslow Homer, Dewing, and Tryon, like Whistler and Sargent and St. Gaudens: men to whom the American nation owes a debt it can never repay, not only because they were insensible to mercenary temptations, and faithfully accomplished the ideals of their youth, but because their

genius proved powerful enough to struggle against the indifference of a whole nation, and thus bequeathed to us in this very era of commercialism a proud and self-reliant native art.

THE END.

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